

Is what is now called "the Spanish Government" Legal?

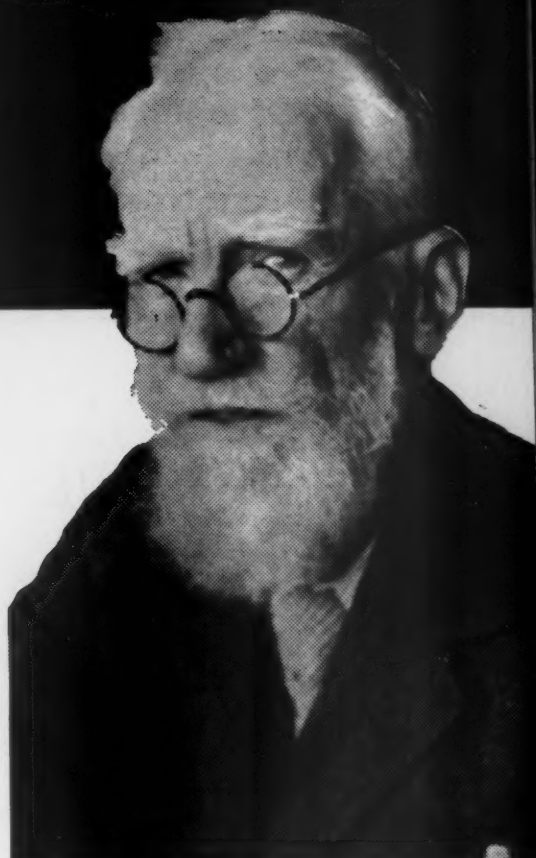
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Reduced to 2^D.

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Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.



Many Happy Returns of your Birthday dear G.B.S.
What a Genius you are! Octogenarian! and not another writer old or young can hold a candle to you. You scintillate wit and wisdom. I chortled with joy when I read your article "There Will Be No War." What fools you make our politicians look. If you are like this at eighty, what will you be like when you are a hundred!

L. H.

EXTRACTS FROM BERNARD SHAW'S ARTICLE :

G.B.S.

BENITO MUSSOLINI and Adolf Hitler—I call for three cheers for these sagacious gentlemen.

I should perhaps add the name of the Japanese masterspirit who created the State of Manchukuo; but I do not know it.

Each of the three said: "There will be no European war. I will go to the extremest limit of provocation, and there will be no war. I will publicly kick all the Imperialist statesmen of Europe in the pants, and there will be no war." And they, all three, did it, and got away with it.

The more they did it, and the oftener they got away with it, the more certain we all became that Armageddon was inevitable

The British Fleet flaunted defiantly up and down the Mediterranean. Mussolini was told that if he did not withdraw from Abyssinia we should close the Suez Canal.

Mussolini said, "You will do nothing of the sort," and annexed Abyssinia. He then said to the superfluity of British naval forces in the Mediterranean, "Get out."

They got out . . . immediately we all said, "Now war is indeed inevitable within ten years at latest. What shall we do to be saved?" . . .

Germany was down in the dust, defeated, humiliated

Except one man, Adolf Hitler. Hitler surveyed the imposing forces that threatened him and said, "I am not taken in by your bluff. You dare not recommence the war. You cannot afford it. Not one of you has the slightest intention of doing anything of

the sort. Put your money on War if you like, I shall put my money on Peace."

He proceeded to rearm Germany to the teeth. England and France remonstrated indignantly. The British equivalent of his reply was, "Go to hell." . . .

England and France remonstrated more plaintively than ever. They said, "You have no conscience. You have violated the sacred treaty of Versailles." . . .

"Precisely," said Hitler, and promptly marched thousands of armed German soldiers through the length and breadth of the Rhineland.

And we only said: "Oh dear! This means war in five years."

Why is it that we cannot keep our heads as Benito and Adolf have kept theirs?

Poison gas is a great peacemaker. Let us by all means continue to manufacture whole atmospheres of it.

Let all advocacy of disarmament be suppressed as the most dangerous form of sedition. Let us reinforce our runaway fleet until it can bombard the Mediterranean shores from Suez to the Pillars of Hercules until its last unit is torpedoed. Let us fill the sky with aeroplanes.

It will be money well spent; for though the ships and aeroplanes will all be obsolete long before the great rearmament is finished, they will provide plenty of highly skilled employment for our proletariat at home and social entertainment for our naval officers in foreign ports. The aeroplanes above all will be veritable angels of peace.

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Reprinted from the "Daily Mail"

FOOLISH MR. EDEN

TO-DAY'S London meeting of the three Locarno signatories, Britain, France, and Belgium, will excite **surprise and concern** among the people of this country.

Governor Landon, who is running for the Presidency in America, has been scourging the Democrats with little lyrics to the tune of "Three Blind Mice." Were the gallant Governor over here, he would assuredly make a ballad on the three blind mice—the trio of Locarno States—who are hunting in London for a non-existent piece of cheese.

After much preparatory conjuring, the French plan for turning to-day's conference into a vote of censure on Germany has disappeared. Instead, Mr. Eden has fashioned the meeting into what he thinks will be a curtain-raiser for a bigger autumn conference, with Germany and Italy in the cast.

That hope is no less futile than was the French object. Germany has said flatly that she will attend no conference unless invited at the outset. Italy, having refused—as Mr. Eden might have foreseen—an invitation to London, will doubtless take an identical line. **To-day's conference is born dead.**

Since Locarno became a new word values in Europe have greatly changed. Germany has linked her strong arms in those of Italy and Austria. But France has fallen into a perilous understanding with Soviet Russia and is at this moment squirming under a Government dominated by Communists in the pay of Moscow—working colleagues of the agents who have brought civil war in Spain. As for little Belgium, she has categorically said this week that never will she fight unless her territory is menaced.

THREE BLUNDERS

Mr. Eden's activities are really very hard to follow. His clumsy questionnaire to Germany nine weeks ago has been ignored; but nine times nine weeks will pass before Germany forgets it. Then, less than a fortnight ago, at Geneva, Mr. Eden appointed himself chairman of the committee of three to brood over Danzig—thrusting himself forward as arbiter in a squabble about a city almost entirely German, **in whose present or future status the British people have no interest whatsoever.**

The Foreign Secretary's third move in his professed endeavours to better our relations with Germany is to sit Locarno delegates round a table to which Germany will never come. Here are the three latest rungs in the strange ladder of folly with which British foreign policy attempts to scale the heights of peace. Will Mr. Eden—and Mr. Baldwin, who attends to-day's meeting—never realise that the peace of the world depends not on bedevilling the relations between those two powerful nations, Britain and Germany, but on developing good will?

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The *Daily Herald* publishes a manifesto headed "World Asked To Help Spain," which opens with the words:

"The International Federation of Trade Unions and the Labour and Socialist International met jointly in Brussels to consider how to help the democracy of Spain."

It is of vital importance that people should not be humbugged by this manifesto and should realise what is really at stake in the war in Spain.

Almost all the newspapers of this country are confusing the minds of their readers by speaking of the supporters of the existing Bolshevik Government as "loyalists" and describing the men who are fighting for the true Spain as "rebels." The "rebels" are the true supporters of law and order, while the so-called Government is formed of Communist usurpers who are indulging in every form of excess and cruelty, and take their orders from Moscow. It is a matter of life and death, both for this country and Europe, that Spain should be rescued from the curse of Bolshevism.

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HOME AFFAIRS

Baldwin or Conservatism

I have this week been taken to task by a fellow Conservative, writing from the North of England, who objects to my recent irreverent remarks about the Prime Minister.

He bids me remember that the alternative to Baldwin is Socialism.

I CANNOT AGREE. THE ALTERNATIVE TO BALDWIN IS CONSERVATISM.

COLLIN BROOKS in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

Freedom of Speech

It is within the knowledge of a great number of Conservatives who have fought elections in recent years that freedom of speech does not exist. Time after time an imported element in any constituency has seen to it that no address from the platform should be heard, and the discouraging thing is that in so many cases Conservatives have calmly submitted to these outrages. It is to the credit of Sir Oswald Mosley and his Fascists that he has met this challenge to free speech, but because it is a Fascist organisation he has had no encouragement from any quarter but his own ranks in his task of restoring decent and tolerable conditions at public meetings.

**

A Sorry Spectacle

The fight against free speech has been waged by all the dirtiest elements in the country, and it is not matter for surprise, therefore, if the counter-attack has involved the adoption of strong measures. Had Conservatives recognised the principle involved in this destruction of free speech—had they adopted the line that public speaking should not take place in a bear garden, the Fascists need not have entered the lists, for it is the supineness of Conservatives which has allowed this evil thing so to grow that the Reds consider now they have sanction for any and every excess. As it is, because it is the Fascist organisation which has refused to have its meetings broken up, the country, a fortnight ago, witnessed the sorry spectacle of Conservatives, in their animosity to the Fascist idea, siding with the Socialists in an attack on the police who have had to be called in to restore order at public meetings.

An M.P.'s Experience

Captain Macnamara (Member for Chelmsford) almost alone among the Conservatives gave voice to the experience of his party at elections, when he said:—

"I fought an election in the East End of London where opposition was organised and free speech was denied, not by Fascists, who took no part in it, but by other parties who organised deliberate resistance and deliberate denial of free speech. The weapon once forged and invented, as has often happened in history, is turning to be used against the people who invented it. If we are to maintain our civil liberties we all want to continue educating our own supporters to a sense of responsibility and order at public meetings, so that what is legitimately desired to be preached may have a fair hearing, and we may have a spirit of fair play."

**

Organised Rowdiness

Mr. Foot (Liberal Member for Dundee) also referred to the elaborately organised opposition that takes place at meetings other than those of a Socialist character, stating:—

"It is a question of gangs, sometimes 100 or 200 strong, who come to meetings determined that the speaker shall not be heard if they can prevent it."

And he added:—

"When you are fighting an election, and when you find that you are followed from one meeting to another by the same gang of people, sometimes in considerable numbers, and when those people occupy strategic points at each meeting and endeavour by deliberate shouting and singing to prevent the speaker getting a hearing, that is just as great a threat to free speech as anything that may be done by the police authorities or anybody else. I am not saying, necessarily, that hon. Members above the Gangway would excuse tactics of that kind, but I say that that sort of thing is carried on by people who purport to be associated with the Communist party."

**

Troublesome Jews

As was inevitable in such a debate, the part the Jews are playing in trying to break up Fascist meetings came in for a lot of attention. In fact, Conservatives vied with Socialists in making out that the Jews were being persecuted and that the police were not doing their duty by them. Most people, however, with any sense of fairness will agree that the police at any meeting are more capable of arriving at a right decision than the reader of the reports in the Press of meetings. Police court records show that after any Fascist meeting the Jews are always in a majority in cases which come before the magistrates, and the reason

is obvious. It is that they have created the disturbance. It is perfectly absurd to argue that the Fascists hold meetings in order to cause trouble. It is satisfactory that Sir John Simon yielded no ground in defending the police, who admirably perform a very difficult duty, and he stated that time and again the Communists quite deliberately organise anti-Fascist demonstrations at the time and near the place where a Fascist meeting is going to be held. There was another instance last Sunday outside Manchester, when violent attempts were made to break up Sir Oswald Mosley's meeting, and stones and bricks were thrown at the Fascists engaged on a perfectly lawful occasion. Do our anti-Fascist Conservatives and Socialists consider that such procedure procures freedom of speech?

**

Long Felt Grievances

At the conclusion of the debate in the Commons on the 10th inst. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arnold Wilson (Member for Hitchin) made some remarks on this matter of Jews in this country which are useful to record. He said:—

"It is quite wrong to suppose that Jew-baiting is due solely to Fascism. It has its origin in other than Fascist quarters. It has its basis in grievances long felt, and now becoming more serious in certain branches of administration of the law, such as hire purchase and housing rentals. I have watched with alarm and anxiety the growth of anti-Semitism in the last three years, by no means connected always with Fascist teachings. The Government would do well to consider closely the economic and juridical bases of the growing feeling that certain classes of the community unquestionably have that they are the victims of one particular section of the community. I do not support that thesis, but it is sincerely and honestly held by decent men in regard to certain branches of the retail trade, and more particularly in regard to the ownership of some of the worst houses."

**

Parliament Indicted

"Certainly the basis of anti-Jewish feeling in some parts of England is primarily economic; the sooner we realise that the better. Fascism in some aspects is really an indictment of this House, due to a growing feeling that we are not competent to perform the duties which the country would have us perform. We should set our house in order, expedite legislation, and cease to say, at intervals of a week or so, that lack of Parliamentary time prevents us from doing things we would and should do. That is the real cure for Fascism and for the bitter discontent of groups of people here and there."

The Patriot.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Moscow and Madrid

The Red tyranny in Spain is looking anxiously beyond its frontiers for help.

General Franco, leader of the anti-Red forces, states plainly that the Army is striving to rescue Spain from that relentless Bolshevism which destroys civilisation and the Christian religion.

As Moscow is the stronghold of the Reds in the east, so Madrid had become their headquarters in the west—a centre corrupting the life of Spain and sending an overflow of poison into the politics of France.

Now that the threatened Communists are seeking help from their neighbours, France must beware lest with Moscow and Madrid is named a third capital—Paris. The sober sense of the people must forestall any hint of an alliance between the Popular Front in France and the Popular Front which masks Bolshevism in Spain.

Daily Mail.



The Meaning of Spain

Spain in the swirl and confusion of a counter-revolution has entered a period of agony which other nations in Europe have endured since the war.

There can be no question where the sympathy of the British people lies.

A Communist régime, inaugurated by scenes of terrorism—the killing of priests and the stripping and shaming of nuns—has proved intolerable to the so-called rebels, who are fighting to regain that from which Spain was rent when the hostile gang now in power took possession of the government.

It may be said that the internal troubles of another State are its own concern. But in the world to-day, when gigantic and opposed forces are sweeping across the destiny of mankind, everybody must take sides.

Sunday Dispatch.



Moscow Radios To Spain

Further sensational evidence of the extent to which Soviet Russia is directing the mobs of Communists, armed by the Madrid Government, in the battle against the anti-Reds was forthcoming last night.

Daily broadcasts are being addressed from Soviet radio stations to the Spanish Reds laying down military tactics, and urging fighting "without mercy." It is significant that the Madrid Government was yesterday able to announce the opening of a special £1,110,000 anti-revolt credit.

So close is the co-operation between the Madrid Government and Soviet organisations in Spain that since the outbreak of the civil war Russian

Bolsheviks have been employed among radio announcers in Madrid and elsewhere.

The Madrid Government is a big consumer of Soviet oil; and it is understood that 25 per cent. of the sales proceeds is retained by Soviet agencies in Spain for the specific purpose of subsidising Soviet propaganda there and providing strike funds.

Meanwhile, in Russia the powerful Moscow Comintern station, working on a wave-length of about 1,700 metres, broadcasts in Spanish every night.

The man in charge of these special broadcasts is José Perez, chief of the Spanish section of the Third International. He is assisted by Nitikin, a Russian who has only recently returned from Madrid, where he organised the Communist Defence Corps.

Lenin's Prophecy

Broadcasts have been opened by extracts from Lenin's speech at the 1920 Congress of the Third International. Lenin foretold that the "second successful proletarian revolution" would take place in Spain; that the Spanish army would be on the other side; and that the "armed proletariat would have to fight against mercenaries and native African forces."

Throughout the night the Moscow station also gives instructions on street fighting, on barricade fighting, on the organisation of the workers, on revolutionary strategy and similar subjects:

All these have been used in the U.S.S.R.

Follow the lessons of the first Soviet Republic—the fatherland of the International Proletariat.

"U.S.S.R. Standing By"

And during every pause Nikitin, in his slow, laborious Spanish, exhorts the Spanish Reds to fight to the death!

The Proletariat of the U.S.S.R. is standing by the glorious fighters of the Spanish Popular Front against the military Fascist putsch. On the outcome of your struggle depends the future of the world proletarian revolution and of the workers of the world.

Collections of funds for the Spanish struggle have been started, and huge sums are said to be coming in from all parts of Soviet Russia.

Soviet oil ships have been told not to land petrol in parts of Spain where it may fall into anti-Red hands but only at Red strongholds. Four such ships are now on the way from Batumi.

Reports are current in Soviet circles in London that Russia is prepared to let Spain have the aeroplanes which were due for delivery in France and Czecho-Slovakia and that negotiations for the deal are now taking place.

Daily Mail.

RED SPAIN

By C. H.

THAT Spain would go Red has never been in doubt—the only question was when. The Spanish masses, ignorant, superstitious, bloodthirsty and excitable, provided perfect soil for the Bolshevik seed to sprout in. Nor was there a hope that the Spanish educated classes, easy-going but arrogant and stupid hidalgos—the most incapable governing class in the world—strongly peppered with dishonest politicians and grafting bureaucrats, would know how to combat Bolshevism.

Their fate was sealed when they let Primo de Rivera go. But few expected that the Spanish revolution would take the form it has—a revolution of the Army, backed by the upper and middle classes, against a Government of Bolsheviks instructed by Russia.

HOODWINKED AND HUMBUGGED

The fact that Spain is having that sort of a revolution instead of a Communist revolution against a Centre or Right Wing Government does not explain why the people of this country have been so hoodwinked and humbugged by the newspapers as to the causes, the events and the certain consequences of this Spanish upheaval. It does not explain the tones of respect with which certain Conservative organs speak of the Spanish Government, as though being a Government entirely excused it for being a parcel of CROOKED INTERNATIONALISTS only too ready to ride to power and stay there on the shoulders of the Red murder gangs of Barcelona and Madrid.

It does not explain why the insurgents are called Fascists or Rebels, which they are not, or why no single newspaper, apparently, except the *Saturday Review*, has given them credit for making a desperate effort to save Spain from Bolshevism, while there was still a chance—from a Red Terror worse than that which reduced Russia to a welter of blood and misery.

The truth is that in this country we are all reduced to such a pitch of funk, wobble and political incoherence that nobody dares to call

a Red a Red or a patriot a patriot. Spain, unless helped, it is painfully clear, is going to be another Russia in a few weeks or months.

Our Government, which so readily grasped the Red hand of Communist Russia in attempting to down Italy, is not going to make it difficult for itself to shake the red hand of Communist Spain. As for our Socialists and trade unionists, the poor fools are still grasping convulsively at any red hand they see, even when it is stretched towards their own throat.

Communism, as this country knows to its cost, never stays put. Will a Red Spain be followed by a Red France? Nobody can say and **NOBODY CAN TAKE ANY SORT OF USEFUL STEP TOWARDS LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPEAN PEACE UNTIL THE TRUTH IS KNOWN.** But while Germany, Italy and the other authoritarian countries wait with strong arms and calm minds, Britain dithers and dissembles and panics and piffles under a Government with no policy and less backbone.

WHITE-LIVERED INTERNATIONALISTS

Are we to continue to run in double harness with a Red France or in triple harness with France and Soviet Russia? **OR SHALL WE SET OUR FACES AGAINST COMMUNISM EVERYWHERE AND ANYWHERE, IN FRANCE, IN SPAIN, IN RUSSIA AND IN BRITAIN ITSELF?** Who can say what the Government means to do? A dog chasing its own tail has a better idea of where it is going and what it wants.

The only certain thing seems to be that not even with the object lesson of Bolshevik-stricken Spain before them will our Edens and Baldwins and MacDonalds forthrightly declare that their prime duty and intention is to put the interests of Britain before everything else. They are a bunch of white-livered internationalists who believe in their hearts that Bolshevism has them beaten and are afraid to say "boo!" to it.

THE OPTIMIST

By Hamadryad

(Sir John Simon told an audience recently that he rejected as utterly pessimistic the idea that there must be another war).

Oh, never say that war is really coming,
All hope of peace is fled;
Those aeroplanes that everyone hears humming
So loudly overhead
Don't mean a thing. This talk of bombs and gases
Is just a needless fuss.
Lie down—this talk of war is food for asses—
And go to sleep like us.

It is a fact that everywhere in Europe
Nations are arming fast,
And so are we, but don't let that obscure hope
That peace is sure to last.
With bigger bombing 'planes, still faster fighters,
They set a pace that's hot,
But does that prove that they're bloodthirsty blighters?
Emphatically not!

Never suppose, because the German marches
His troops into the Rhine,
No thirst for peace his anxious throttle parches,
As well as yours and mine.
Think not because the French have got the jitters,
And Belgium's in a funk,
The dove of peace's optimistic twitters
Are just a lot of bunk.

I grant half Europe still regards its neighbours
With ill-concealed alarm,
And bids its people cease their gainful labours
And hastily rearm;
That everywhere men turn out ammunition,
Or don the soldier's dress:
Is there no hope, then, for our peaceful mission?
Emphatically Yes!

Remember how the League's collective nations,
China, Bolivia, Spain,
At Councils, Conferences, Conversations,
Are working might and main:
Recall how often, at the League Assembly,
Our Eden's voice is heard,
Then ask yourselves, Must Britain go all trembly,
Because he gets the bird?

No, no, my friends! This fear of fratricidal
Strife, this excessive fear
Lest some fierce foe shall take us for a ride'll
Only bring strife more near.
Just look at Ramsay—look at Baldwin (Stanley),
Those calm, collected men:
Do thoughts of bloody war, do fears unmanly,
Obscure their limpid ken?

Ah, no. We statesmen, we to whom the peoples
Look for true leadership,
Have plans maturing in our bulging steeples
That will give Mars the pip.
Let the war factories blaze, let plane and hammer
Their horrid tasks pursue,
While we have wind to waste and tongues to yammer,
What need of arms for you?

The King and Mr. Baldwin

By KIM

THE King's decision to cancel the Riviera holiday to which he had been looking forward, is evidence enough of the seriousness of the situation in Europe, for the King would not lightly have cancelled his arrangements. Mr. Baldwin has likewise decided that he had better stay in England. There is, in fact, a feeling of tenseness in the air, a growing fear in all Europe little expressed but felt, and the threatening situation in Spain does not improve matters.

And this Friday Parliament adjourns for three months, to the relief of Ministers if not to the anxious nation. For three months Mr. Baldwin and his curious team will be able to evade the curiosity of M.P.'s and avoid the raising of matters of great public concern. But they may think of Mr. Winston Churchill as a sort of nightmare, who will press indecent questions regarding disarmament.

For three months the British nation will be left to the tender mercies of Eden unrestrained, whose latest achievement has been to surrender to the Egyptian extremists everything of vital importance. Apparently the Air Force and Navy are not to have a permanent base at Alexandria, the Army are to be pushed to the shores of the Suez Canal, and the Egyptian agitators are to be given a big say in the Soudan which, of course, they will corrupt and undermine. On the other hand, the tottering League of Nations is to be recruited by the membership of an independent and anti-British Egypt.

THE SPINELESS WONDER

By the Foreign Minister's humiliating surrender of British control and rights in Egypt must we judge his likelihood of showing any sort of backbone in any situation which may develop in Europe. There is, in fact, in control of our destinies abroad, where great, powerful, and war-like States are standing to arms, a man with a one-track mind. Mr. Eden suffers from League of Nations mania. The other day in a speech, his main thesis was how bitterly he regretted that the League has proved to be insufficiently strong to impose sanctions up to the hilt and so prevent the overthrow of Abyssinia, but he consoled himself and again in the House of Commons last Monday, by talking some rigmarole about a stronger and re-constituted League, and still holds to his fetish of disarmament.

It must surely be evident to every Conservative and anti-Socialist that Mr. Eden is temperamentally of the Socialist persuasion by whatever label he was returned to Parliament. It is this mentality which has undoubtedly endeared him to Mr. Baldwin, who



[Bertram Park]
KING EDWARD VIII. in the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief.

must assume responsibility for all the perils of Edenian diplomacy, which embroils us everywhere and makes us both hated and despised in Europe.

But with the House of Commons adjourned, is anyone optimistic enough to expect that Mr. Baldwin will remain alert and take active steps? It is alarming to think that on the eve of the adjournment it is necessary for Mr. Churchill and a deputation of eminent men to go in secrecy to the Prime Minister and impress upon him the urgent necessity for a thoroughly armed Great Britain.

Mr. Baldwin has wilfully blinded his eyes to the vast rearmament policy of Germany and the strength of an Italy which he has deliberately antagonised. The Churchill deputation presented overwhelming proofs of the peril to our safety and thereby revealed at once the trivial and flimsy efforts which the Government pretend to call rearmament. The appointment of Sir Thomas

Inskip was proof enough from the beginning that Mr. Baldwin merely meant to tinker with national defence, for he also harbours dreams, even at this hour, of world disarmament.

Little wonder the King, in his solicitude for his people, decides to stay at home and watch events. Presumably Mr. Baldwin changed his plans after the Royal decision, so as to keep a "constitutional" watch over His Majesty. If we possessed a Conservative majority in the House worthy of the name, they would realise the imminent peril of leaving the conduct of national affairs in the hands of old Sealed Lips any longer, and that to hasten his retirement immediately would add enormously to their prestige, which has fallen ominously in the country.

The recent by-elections at Derby, Balham, and East Grinstead, show in every instance no increase in Socialist support, but an enormous drop in Conservative votes. **THE EXPLANATION IS THAT THERE IS AN INCREASING NUMBER OF ELECTORS WHO REFUSE TO VOTE FOR BALDWINISM. THEY REALISE THAT BALDWINISM AND CONSERVATISM ARE AS THE POLES APART.**

THE KING'S ASCENDANCY

The phenomenon of our time is that as Parliament gets more and more discredited, the personal ascendancy of the Throne becomes more pronounced. King Edward, discreet but determined, is becoming in the minds of the masses more and more a bulwark against the feeble ineffectiveness of the existing political parties, and every false move of our present Government tends to throw this fact into greater relief. It may seem that Mr. Baldwin has some dim perception of this fact and imagines himself a sort of modern Hampden, **for the idea that the King has a will of his own and may act independently of the advice tendered him by the present bunch of Ministers is obviously repugnant to him.**

It is certainly one of the Premier's eccentricities that when he finds it necessary to apologise for his mistakes and errors of judgment—as he did at Cardiff the other week—he always contrives to drag in the British Constitution, like the head of King Charles. What he imagines the Constitution to be is a mystery, for there is no written Constitution, and it depends merely on the interpretation of custom and precedent, and that may be twisted to suit the convenience of a politician as, for instance, the effort a few months ago by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald to dispose of the King's Prerogative.

To Mr. Baldwin it must seem that the Constitution represents exactly what he chooses to make of it, but underlying his allusions is an assumption that the Monarch must invariably be guided by



MR. STANLEY BALDWIN

the advice of his Ministers whether right or wrong. It strikes at the Royal Prerogative and places the King merely as titular head, responsible, it is true, for the acts of his Ministers, and yet at the same time debarred from exercising any authority. Those who listened to Mr. Baldwin's broadcast when King Edward succeeded, heard his references to the Constitutionalism of King George and the hints of the speaker that his son would fulfil Mr. Baldwin's "beau ideal" of a Constitutional Monarch—by completely effacing himself from any matters of state.

PARLIAMENTARY USURPATION

This is altogether a Parliamentary usurpation. The King reigns and so rules through his Ministers, but there is no constitutional precedent whatever which binds the Sovereign to accept without question their advice if he deems it wrong. On the contrary, both Queen Victoria and King Edward VII acted often independently of their Ministers, who are the servants of the King, subject to his approval, and he possesses the right, always jealously preserved throughout the centuries, to dismiss them if he thinks proper.

Suppose, to take a theoretical case, the Government had proposed to go to war with Italy some months ago, and the King had refused to accept this advice? Would the King, who swears to cherish his subjects, have been acting in accordance with his constitutional rights? **YES.** Is he obliged to accept the advice of his Ministers if he believes they are acting against the honour, prestige, prosperity, welfare, and safety of the Realm? **NO.**

Red Terror in Spain

By Meriel Buchanan

WITH the vigour, courage and candour for which she is so justly famed,

Lady Houston has for a long time past been urging the nation to consider the dangerous way in which Communism has been spreading, and has prophesied that Russia is determined to bring about a world revolution.

The events of the last few months prove how right she has been for, in spite of their protestations of innocence, the Soviet have increased their

Thanks to the fact that they have strong men at their head, Italy and Germany have escaped the débâcle which has been manifest in Spain and France, and which has brought such untold suffering in its train.

Unrest is seething in France and, allied as she is to the Soviet, and entirely controlled by Moscow through her Jewish Prime Minister, Leon Blum, she is on the verge of a serious outbreak, and there are reports that she has already shown her sympathy with Communism by sending aeroplanes, guns and ammunition to the troops of the Popular Front in Spain.

This is perhaps not surprising, but it is hard to understand that anyone in England should have sympathy with the Spanish Communists whose outrages against humanity fill one with shuddering disgust. That such things should happen in the present century seems unbelievable, but it is even more incredible that Englishmen should support and encourage the perpetrators of such crimes.

LOVERS OF LIBERTY!

And yet we read in the *Daily Herald* of July 23rd, "Lovers of liberty everywhere will find deep inspiration in the brave sight of ordinary men and women who count freedom worth dying for and who, marching from home and factory, from office or mine, to defend and preserve the Republic, have set a moving and glorious example."

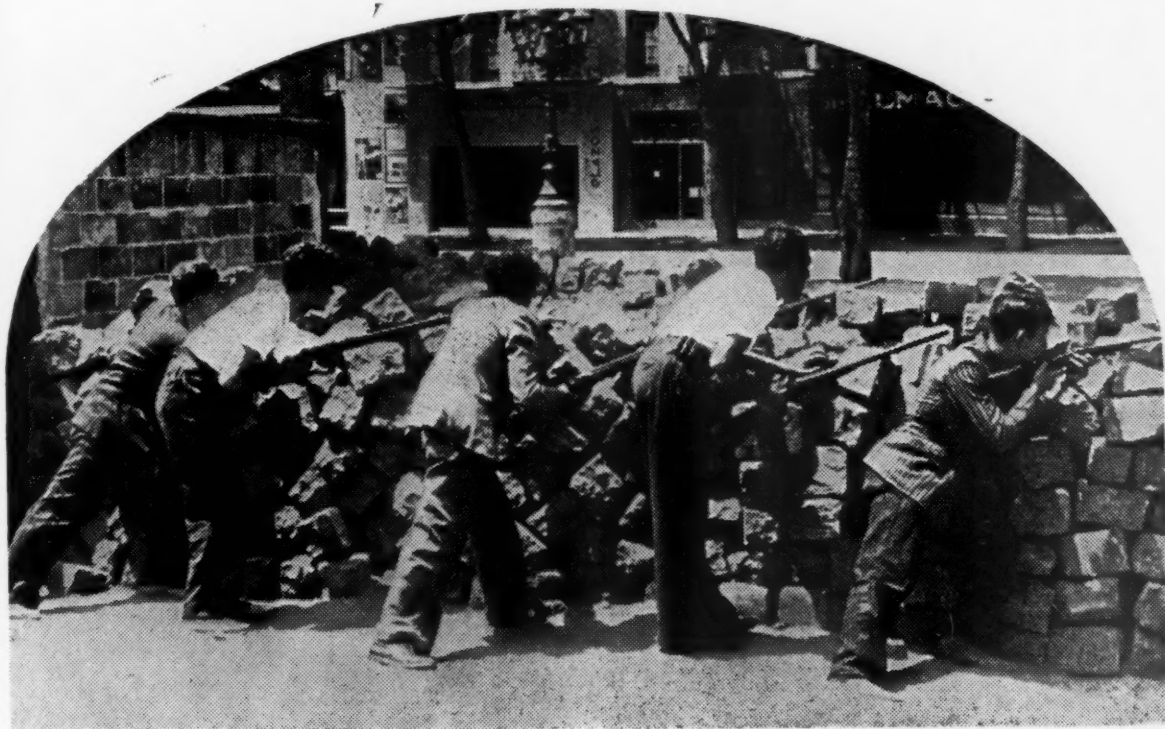
That "glorious example" we suppose is the burning of Churches, the torture and murder of priests, the parading of their decapitated heads through the streets of Barcelona on a huge silver salver, the violating of nuns, the shooting down of one thousand six hundred officers and two hundred young Fascists. In Madrid, the horrible, cold-blooded murder of Don José Calvo Sotelo, the countless other unrecorded crimes which have been committed during the last few months, before the Fascist uprising gave them the excuse, which has now been put forward, that they have been forced "to use violence" in order to defend the Republic. And a British journal which has a wide circulation and is supposed to voice a great section of public opinion talks of "heroic example."

The *Daily Worker*, of course, goes one better. In its issue of July 25th, it prints in large letters, "All into action now. Defend the Spanish



A church in Seville, set on fire by the Communists and looted. Priests were murdered, their heads being carried through the streets on silver salvers.

evil operations to an extensive degree, and, unless the growth of Bolshevik Communism is arrested in Europe, World Revolution will be a *fait accompli*, and civilisation will go down in smoking ruins.



Young Communists, crouching behind a barricade of stones in one of the streets of Barcelona, take pot-shots at the barricaded shops, and at anyone who ventures within range.

Republic," and publishes a long letter from Mr. Harry Pollitt, declaring that Fascism has betrayed its "bestiality" and calling for a mighty, united movement of solidarity with the Spanish people and the organisation of meetings and demonstrations to demand that the National Government should provide the People's Government of Spain with oil and coal and food supplies.

"The French workers," adds Mr. Pollitt, "are carrying out the greatest campaign of international solidarity ever seen in France in defence of Spanish democracy and freedom. A victory for the People's Government in Spain is a victory for peace and democracy. It is a victory for the British people as well as for the Spanish people . . . Down with the Spanish Fascist Blackguards. Long live the heroic Spanish people. Long live the People's Front in Spain. Workers of Britain unite your mighty powers to make sure of complete victory for the heroic defenders of Spanish democracy."

WEEDKILLER WANTED

It seems utterly impossible that such words should ever have been printed in England, but that such a thing should happen is a sign of the increasing power of Communism in this country. **It shows how deeply and insidiously the poison of Bolshevism is spreading in our midst, it shows that the seeds of murder and revolution which have been sown by Russia in Spain, and which have blossomed to such a bloodstained fruition, have also been sown in England, and may, if we are not careful, grow and flourish to such an extent that if we do not produce very swiftly some form of weedkiller, it may be distributed all over the world.**

The battle now going on in Spain is a battle to the death between the forces of Right and Justice and the forces of Evil, and on the outcome of that battle depends not only the fate of Spain, but the fate of Europe.

If the Communists are beaten, then there is some hope of the regeneration of the world. Then we may lie down peacefully in our beds and thank God that there are still men imbued with courage and high endeavour and with the spirit of true patriotism which will face every danger in order to save a beloved country from a monster which pollutes and destroys all it touches.

A REIGN OF TERROR

If the heroic armies of General Franco are overwhelmed then the danger to Europe is very acute. Spain will be given over to a reign of terror which will outdo in horror anything the world has ever seen. France and Belgium will be drenched in blood, and England will be laid open to the Communist attack.

Let us pray that the Right may conquer, let us pray for the armies of General Franco, who are facing dangers and horrors above those of ordinary warfare, who are fighting to save their people from the agonies and bloodshed of the last few months.

Thousands of them have already perished in this sacred cause. They have died for Spain, but we should not forget that they have also died for us, for our future most surely rests on the outcome of their struggle. Their victory will mean the victory of civilisation over chaos, their defeat may mean general disruption and civil war in Europe, the hoisting of the Red Flag over the capitals of the world.

NAVY WEEK—NAVY WEAK

By Periscope

ANOTHER Navy Week is upon us. The week when tens of thousands of the public go to see the Navy, to examine the ships both inside and out, to learn how the sailor lives, and to acquire from displays and exhibitions a sense of English history at sea, has become a part of the national life.

But this year the week has an added significance. For many years Navy Week has been in the nature of an attempt to awaken the public to the danger of forgetting about maritime supremacy in the piping times of peace. Now the public is awakened. The imperative need for the reconstitution of our sea defences has been brought home to the vast majority of British men and women. But this need remains, in the public mind, something nebulous. The necessity is realised, but there is a tendency to adopt the attitude that everything possible is being done by the responsible ministers, and that everything will be all right on the day.

THE NEW NERO

And this tendency is perhaps even more dangerous than sheer lack of interest in the Navy. We have seen during the past two years repeated statements both written and verbal from the Government and its ministers. Every one of these statements stressed the fact that the first and overriding necessity of the day was the repairing of the Empire's defences. Yet very, very little has actually been done. There has been much on paper and precious little in the water.

These Government statements have again and again reiterated the truth that it is upon the seas and the control of the seas that the safety and welfare of the Empire depend. Yet we find Sir Thomas Inskip, in the gorgeous uniform of the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, encouraging the growth of damaging heresies by the setting up of all manner of redundant committees, sub-committees, and petty debating societies. **IT IS HIGH TIME THE PUBLIC TOOK A HAND AND SHOWED THIS NEW NERO THAT THEY WILL NOT STAND FOR HIS FIDDLING.**

SHIPS AND MEN

And at a time when there is some expansion of the Navy and when a greater expansion is likely to be essential in the near future, it is essential that the public should be familiar with the Service, with the ships and the men, with the prospects and the manner of life of the men who serve on board our ships. There is at present a hue and cry for recruits for the Army and the Air Force, and more particularly for the Territorial Army. Some of the shortage may be due to Red propaganda and the prevailing idiocy of internationalism. But a

great deal of it is assuredly due to ignorance. If teaching were sound, the seeds of internationalism would fall upon unsympathetic ears. Navy Week does much to make the teaching sound.

FEWER RECRUITS

The Navy is not at the moment short of recruits. But it might well be short in the near future, when expansion is perforce, moving faster than it is to-day. At present the only shortage lies in the highly skilled branches such as engine room artificers, electrical artificers, and other artisans. But there is no getting away from the fact that the recruiting returns show that there were fewer applicants for the Royal Navy last year than in the previous year. This fall must be arrested and made good without delay if the Navy is not to find itself short of men of the right type in the hour of need.

An enormous number of applicants are required for the Navy each year so that, by a process of picking the best, the standard of men shall be kept as high as it is at present. Some idea of the standards, both physical and mental, which are required can be gauged from the fact that only about 15 per cent. of the total number of applicants are enrolled each year.

It is important that this percentage should not have to increase, for if it did it would betoken a falling off in the quality of the men who man our ships.

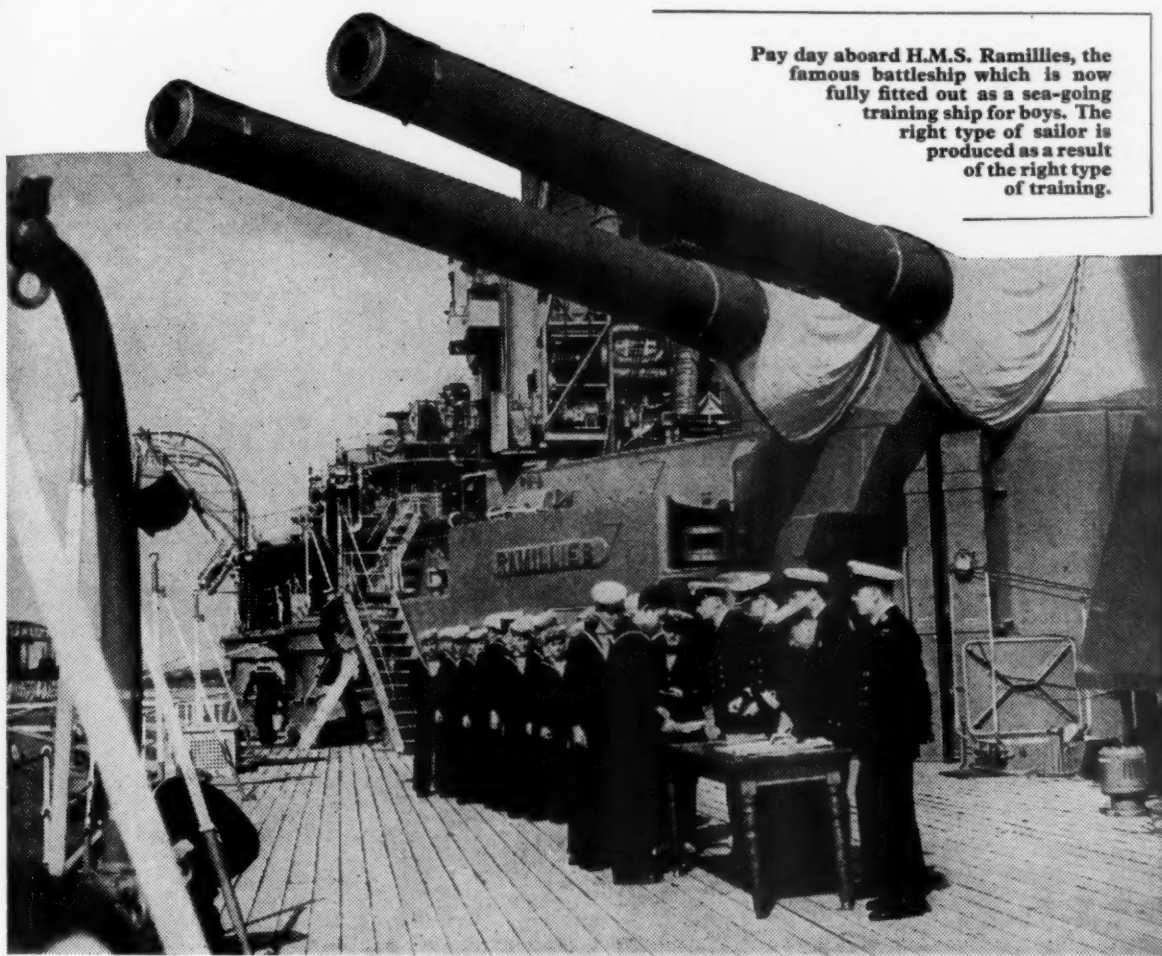
NATURAL WASTAGE

In the past few years the total number of applicants for the Royal Navy have been in the neighbourhood of 50,000. This number is showing signs of decline.

Every year there is a "natural wastage" from the Navy of somewhere about 4,000 men. This is due to men leaving the Service on the expiration of their first engagement of twelve years or to taking their pensions at the end of twenty-two years service. Last year this wastage was cut down by a large amount. **When the British Fleet got embroiled in untenable policies in the Mediterranean, it was found that there were not enough men to man the ships, so badly had the manning situation been neglected in past years. As an expedient to get over the difficulty, men who were due to take their pensions were asked to remain in the service for a further three years. Nearly 3,000 men came forward.**

This means that in about two years time the natural wastage will have superimposed upon it a wastage of 3,000 men carried forward from last year. Since it takes five years to train an efficient seaman, it is essential that steps should be taken NOW to make good this larger "wastage."

Pay day aboard H.M.S. Ramillies, the famous battleship which is now fully fitted out as a sea-going training ship for boys. The right type of sailor is produced as a result of the right type of training.



Nor is this all. Even when 3,000 patriotic men had consented to continue serving in order to get the country out of a hole in which it had been unjustifiably placed by short-sighted politicians, a number of ships had to be placed in reserve because there were no men available to man them. In actual fact, the manning situation got so bad at the end of last year and the beginning of this year that we found six capital ships—**NEARLY HALF OUR TOTAL CAPITAL SHIP FORCE — LYING AGAINST THE DOCKYARD WALLS FOR LACK OF CREWS.**

All this must be made up. The Navy Estimates for this year provide for 4,613 more men than were provided for last year. The Government White Paper on Defence speaks of an increase of 6,000 men before the end of next March. And this increase is not temporary. It will continue, and it will grow, for every new ship being built requires a larger crew than the ship which it replaces, even if that ship is in full commission. Actually, the situation is aggravated by the fact that many of the new ships being built are to replace ships which have been rotting in reserve for years, and which have had no crews at all.

We see, therefore, that Naval recruiting now has to deal not only with large increases—which

must of necessity be progressive—but additional "wastage" carried forward from previous years owing to lack of foresight.

Faced with such a situation it is easy to see that measures must be taken to see that the number of applicants for the Royal Navy will show a large increase—an increase infinitely larger than the increase in numbers required, if the standard of efficiency is to be maintained.

And it is only by educating the public in matters naval—by once again making the wearing of the uniform of the King's Navy the highest honour in the land—that such a result can be achieved. This is why Navy Week is this year of incalculable importance.

There is realisation of this in the organisation of the Committees which are responsible for Navy Week. This year, for the first time, there are to be recruiting bureaux in the dockyards, where those who are impressed—as they can hardly fail to be impressed if they are worthy of British nationality—can find out all about conditions of service and means of entering.

The Navy and the Navy Week Committees have done their bit. It is up to the public to do its bit too.

THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE IN PALESTINE

An Interview with The Moslem
Grand Mufti of Jerusalem



Arab demonstrators parading the streets of Manchlia, near Jaffa, when the anti-Jewish trouble was at its height.

ALL parties are in trouble in a land which does *not* loom as "Holy" in official eyes. Certainly, our soldier High-Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope feels the pinch, seeing that the mandate he administers has cost us £9,000,000 since 1921, and piles up daily at an alarming rate. We have now eleven battalions on active service there, besides mechanised units and aircraft.

In a single round-up of Arab *ghisabats* (or armed bands), no fewer than 4,000 of our best troops took part, with all the panoply of armoured cars and tanks, scouting aircraft, radio-sections, and even dog-trackers of South African training.

The cause of this trouble is notorious: the Moslems, who not long ago formed 93 per cent. of Palestine's population, are fast being swamped by the influx of Hebrew *halutzim*, or pioneers. Packed like herrings in dirty Roumanian and Italian emigrant-tubs, these have poured out of Russia, Poland, Germany, Austria and the Near East into what they were certain was a "land of opportunity."

Last year alone, over 60,000 Jews swarmed into their (Balfour) "National Home," first promised on November 2nd, 1917. Loosely phrased, that Declaration indicated — "that nothing should be

By . . .
IGNATIUS PHAYRE

done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." Hence all this blood and tears; the snipings, bombings, crop-burnings, sabotage and general devilry of a trouble which is fast infecting Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.

Whilst staying in the King David Hotel, outside the hoary walls of Jerusalem's "Old City," I had a talk with Mr. Seiler, the manager of Palestine's one and only "Ritz." He also shared the "trouble." Where now (he moaned) were the more or less devout trippers of all the world? Especially those Americans who would pay a dollar a leaf for a sprig of olives out of the Garden of Gethsemane?

Such daring spirits as *did* brave the shots and man-hunts of this pitiless race-war might whistle for taxis and get no response. So, like Balaam, they fared forth to Calvary mounted on humble asses. But unlike him, they did *not* remain to bless, but kept right on cursing this land of endless unrest.

THE GRAND MUFTI

"There's one man," Mr. Seiler told me impressively, "who could end it. And that is Haj Emin Effendi el Hussein, our Grand Mufti and President of the Supreme Arab Council. He started the bloody riots of 1929."

"As a patriot?"

"One with judgment and brains as well as an aristocrat. He dwells in a palace inside the gates of the Old Town. Haj Emin enjoys the Government's confidence as unofficial adviser on the Arab side of the conflict. Of all the Moslem agitators now behind barbed-wire in a concentration-camp of the Sinai Desert, not one of Hussein's followers has been exiled."

I drove at once to the Grand Mufti's gate. His special guards led the way into his hall of audience. There I bowed to a slight, fuzzy-bearded little magnate in priestly robes. He sat at a roll-top desk fingering my card, upon which I had scribbled in French the nature of my mission . . . Just *what* was the root of all this trouble? The Grand Mufti got down to it at once.

"Look at this," he said softly, waving at me a copy of the appeal sent to our High Com-

missioner by over a hundred Moslem officials—legal, fiscal and administrative.

"Listen!" Here he shook a delicate finger at me and began to read:

"We act as links between the Government and those of our own faith, who feel that no heed has been paid to their very real woes—even when these have been stated by impartial enquirers. As a result, we find the Arabs are in a state verging upon reckless despair.

"This feeling we trace to disbelief in official pledges, and acute alarm at the extent to which the British Government has given way to Zionist pressure. We are, therefore, driven to conclude that the basic factors of the crisis are still unappreciated by those in power. Certain it is, that rankling injustice and the violence it engenders cannot be crushed by force, but can only end when its causes are removed . . ."

"You hear this?" the Pontiff of Islam asked me. "Now here is the crux: *Ecoutez—moi encore un peu*: 'The deadlock turns solely on this immigration question. So we can only urge the instant stoppage of this Hebrew influx as the only fair, humane and just solution of a truly deplorable state of things.'"

"WE HATE THE JEWS"

Just then another of the Hussein clan came in to help enlighten me. This was Jamal Effendi, leader of the Nationalist Party. Unlike Haj Emin, Jamal wore smart European clothes, and was as fluent in French as his kinsman. He is also related to King Ghazi of Iraq, and the Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordan, who is now gravely disturbed at the endless trouble, and even came into town to confer with our High Commissioner and the Grand Mufti.

"How can we stand by," Jamal el Hussein pursued, "while these Jews are slowly, but surely, cutting us out of our own native land? Aye—and protected in that outrageous process by your British guns and aircraft, and all the science of modern warfare.

"At first the quarrels were religious, like the right of ownership in the Wailing Wall—or *Kohel Maarevi*, as the Jews call it. To-day the question for us of Islam is 'To be' or 'Not to be' for our own folks in their beloved land. There is no 'anti-Semitism' here in Palestine. We hate and oppose the Jews, *not* because of their creed, but because they menace our very existence as a nation."

"It is an army of invasion we are facing," the Grand Mufti himself put in. "And our defence—or resistance, if you will—would be just as strong if the invasion were French, German or Scandinavian. For our Arabs' fate, as we see it looming, is that of the Maoris in New Zealand before the claims of the *paheka* (or white man). Or better still, the doom of those Indians in the United States who were driven from pillar to post, deprived of their best lands—to be corralled at last as mere Government 'wards' under a paternal bureaucracy in Washington."



Police, behind sandbags, watch a large section of the old city of Jaffa being dynamited—the only way to prevent sniping. Inhabitants were given 24 hours notice to quit.

"But were not both races," I put to these Husseinis, "offered a joint Parliament by the Order in Council of August, 1922?"

"We would have none of it," rapped Haj Emin sharply. "For that implied our acceptance of the Jewish 'National Home,' which our Arab policy has from the first opposed. The allocation of seats was such that on any issue our Members could have been outvoted—though we formed five-sixths of the total population! Sir, I have spoken."

Here the Grand Mufti rose up in his dignity as a sign of dismissal.

"Go abroad in our land," he went on, "from Dan to Bersheeba, and speak with the *mukhtars*, or village headmen of our Moslem *fellahin*. Is it for nothing that they sing such songs as this:—

*"El Billad, billadna
Wa el-Yahud, kellabna."*

("The Holy Land is OUR land—and the Jews are but our dogs.")

Olympic Wonderland

From a Special Correspondent

THE Olympic Games, which Herr Hitler opens at Berlin this Saturday, are for Germany much more than a sporting occasion.

They were allotted to Berlin before the Nazi régime, which has recognised in them a Heaven-sent opportunity to impress the world—especially the youth of the world—with the organising powers of the Third Reich.

Neither money nor effort has been spared to make the Games a success. The main stadium and its adjoining grounds alone are said to have cost £3,000,000.

The Games are for Germany a national event in which the determination of the athletes to win for Adolf Hitler is equalled by the anxiety of the organising authorities to send foreign visitors away with the idea of the discipline and athleticism of the race deeply implanted.

The system of the Olympic Committee is as totalitarian as the State. Practically all hotel accommodation in Berlin during the Games is in their hands, and private bookings cannot be made during this time. Few Berliners will be allowed to take their holidays between August 1 and 16.

The Reichswehr plays an important part in the organisation. It built the Olympic village, which later is to become a training school for officers. A Reichswehr officer is commandant of the village, with a squad of troops under his command. The Army is providing 750 motor vehicles, driven by soldiers, for the transport of athletes and officials. Those driving the athletes have rigid instructions to go slowly.

Village of Perfection

Five thousand athletes will be accommodated in the solidly-built bungalows of the Olympic village at Doeberitz. Steamship stewards will wait upon them, their peace and comfort are assured.

Though a large military aerodrome is situated near the village, no flying will be allowed from it during the Games nor for a month before. All aircraft approaching Berlin must make a wide detour lest the rest of the Olympians be disturbed.

The "heiling" and heel-clicking at the gates of the village, where the credentials of would-be visitors come under scrutiny, contrasts strongly with the casual manners and free-and-easy dress of the athletes off duty inside.

Birds and animals from the Berlin Zoo have been released in the woods of the village, where the athletes sleep in pine-scented air.

"You've got to pinch yourself to find out if it's real," one early-arriving competitor told me. The Germans, in their pursuit of athletic ideals, have not forgotten their capacity for comfort. The Olympians of 1936 are not expected to seek bodily perfection through a life lacking in amenities.

An official of the Reichsportministerium slept



Symbolic of the Olympic spirit—a decoration of the Berlin stadium.

several nights at the village to make a report on the suitability of the beds.

Artistic schemes of furnishing, colouring and decoration were tried out for the 150 houses of the Olympic Village.

I am convinced that many of those competing for Olympic titles will never have lived better than during their period of training in Berlin. Each house in the village has its own wine-cellar. Teams may, if they wish, bring their own cooks, despite the Germans' well-founded pride in their own culinary ability.

Squads of workmen have been exterminating mosquitoes from the surrounding countryside. One hundred and twenty high school boys in smart white uniforms, have been allotted to the village to act as messengers and guides to the competitors. Including a number of linguists, they are giving their services voluntarily, working daily from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. under the instructions of the military commandant of the village.

The main stadium has been erected on the site of the arena built for the ill-fated Games of 1916.

It holds 100,000 spectators, and all reserved seats for the fortnight have long since been sold. In the twenty-five acres of the Reichsportfeld grounds are also smaller stadiums for swimming, hockey and tennis, and the magnificent Dietrich-Eckart open-air theatre where classical plays are to be performed with a sylvan background before twenty thousand spectators.

ANOTHER PEACE PLAN!

By Robert Machray

CONSIDERING the deeply-troubled state of Europe, the universal sense of the precariousness of peace, and the unpreparedness of England for war even in her own defence, it is not surprising that Parliament has been preoccupied during the session just terminated with questions of foreign policy. Two events particularly engrossed attention and discussion; one was the defeat of the League of Nations, because of Italy's conquest and annexation of Abyssinia, and the other was Herr Hitler's remilitarisation of the Rhineland despite the ban of the Versailles and Locarno treaties.

Both events have profoundly affected the general situation. Except in the case of extreme partisans, confidence in the League, which Mr. Baldwin had pronounced the sheet-anchor of the Government's policy, was shattered by its proved impotence in a major action. Mr. Eden, however, tried to save the face of the Geneva Institution by delaying the dropping of Sanctions as long as possible, and similarly by maintaining the "para-Sanctions," as Signor Mussolini called them, in the shape of the Mediterranean guarantees to Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. All this was most unwise, as it could not but further inflame Italian resentment and antagonism, the very last thing our Government should do.

PANDERING TO THE LEAGUE

Besides, it is plain that our Government has not learnt the lesson taught by the failure of the League—which is that the sooner the League itself is dropped the better for all concerned. Not only is the Government committed to preparing proposals for the "reform" of the League within the next few weeks, but it has entered into two treaties in which the League figures as if it were a permanent institution. In the treaty for the remilitarisation of the Straits, the League is inscribed as a sort of perpetual arbiter: **in our new treaty with Egypt it is actually supposed to be in existence twenty years hence!**

Of infinitely greater significance than the fate of the Geneva Institution was—and is—the reoccupation of the Rhineland by German troops on March 7th. No one has attempted to drive them out and no one is going to try; the district is being refortified and in it they will remain, just as surely as the Italians in Abyssinia. But Hitler accompanied his violation of the relevant treaties by a peace plan, which was elaborated later at the end of March. About a week afterwards France came forward with a peace plan of her own, a plan very different from Hitler's.

Though the floor of Europe is already strewn with peace plans, considerable importance was attributed to the possibilities of the German plan. After a month or so Eden sent to Berlin the famous

questionnaire for the purpose of elucidating points in the plan that were judged to be obscure. It was not precisely a judicious *questionnaire*, and replies were so long in coming that some weeks ago Eden said he was not going to bother about them any more. Meanwhile, the General Staffs of England, France and Belgium had got together, and drew up what, it may be supposed, were not exactly peace plans.

On Thursday of last week, representatives of the three Powers held a meeting in London, Italy, the other non-German Locarno Power, not being represented. It had been carefully prepared, and the *communiqué* that emerged stated that Germany and Italy were to be invited to attend a meeting at which all the Locarno Powers involved in the Rhineland business would take part, with a view to a general European settlement—in fact, to get out *Another Peace Plan*.

FUTILITY!

Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, said on Saturday at Eltham that the meeting of the three Locarno Powers had not received from the public the attention it deserved, because other things were filling the headlines of the papers. He mentioned the "disgusting row in the House of Commons" on the same day as the meeting, and the sensational and tragic happenings in Spain. No, Sir John! There was and is another and much more compelling reason, namely, the public have become supremely indifferent to meetings, conferences and peace plans because experience has demonstrated their futility. Another peace plan leaves them cold.

And no wonder, with the European situation as it is! Even Sir John was not too hopeful about the prospect; it did not do, he observed, in these days to be too optimistic respecting international affairs. In his opinion, the great danger was the division of Europe into two Blocks, opposed to and arming against each other. But, looking at realities, are there not already on the Continent two such combinations? And may not that grouping receive a fresh terrible impetus from Spain in a threatened general attack of Red forces on Fascists? The fierce hostility of Communism to Fascism may, in fact, produce the next war, and it would be horrible beyond words.

In any case, the proposal that the five Powers should meet has had a cool reception in Germany, and it is scarcely to be expected that after what happened during the Sanctions period Italy will be in a friendly mood, at any rate to England; up to the last moment our wretched Government, through the League, kept on irritating Mussolini, yet his attitude to this five Powers project is vital and all-important. Will our Government never learn any sense?

Is Eden a Tool of T

By ...

"HISTORICUS"



Eden visited Moscow and was fêted by the murderers of the Tsar. He is seen being welcomed by Litvinoff.

TOO tender a care for the niceties of justice often involves injustice.

If to-morrow some assassin were to attempt the life of—let us say—a popular sporting peer, the moment his dastardly attempt was frustrated he would become immune from criticism. The theory that every man is held innocent until he is proved guilty does not mean what it says. It means "until he has been proved guilty by a ponderous system of inquiry and decision."

Such excessive tenderness must be tolerated for the sake of countless innocent persons—but what can be said of a more astonishing tenderness to persons proved guilty beyond a peradventure? Let us take Russia as example.

Since the bloody and vicious day when Lenin came to power, when the Tsar and his family were ruthlessly and needlessly murdered, Russia has always frankly avowed her intention of ending the dominance of the British Empire.

Time and again it has been necessary to expel from our borders disruptive agents sent here to ferment revolt against the Crown and the State. Time and again it has been necessary to incarcerate such agents for the dissemination of subversive propaganda.

Just debts made in the course of trade have been denied. State debts have been repudiated.

Within Russia's own frontiers religions and

their ministers have been subject to the most appalling treatment, ranging from massacre to torture.

Everywhere throughout the world Russia stands for an overturning of the political and economic systems that exist. Her purpose is to destroy world peace in order to impose upon the shattered peoples her own tyrannous system of government.

When Italy, stung beyond endurance by the maraudings of a debased gang of black slavers and tired of waiting for action by Geneva, ended the slavers' régime in Abyssinia, there was a great outcry for the application of Sanctions against her. So fierce were our tender-minded pacifists in this cause that they were prepared to plunge the Britain they had disarmed into a world war to gratify their own piddling sentimentality.

But there has been no outcry for Sanctions against Russia—although Russia has subsidised and fermented the Reds of Spain, of France and of Belgium, and of our own nation.

Now, when the opponents of Bolshevism in Spain strive to oust the horrid régime which has battered on their land, what treatment do they receive from our own British Press?

With a very few honourable exceptions, our own newspapers gladly report atrocities in Spain—because they believe that atrocities sell newspapers—but they take great care not to tell their morbid readers which side committed the horrors so faithfully reported.

Atrocities are the hall-mark of Bolshevism everywhere.

The Bolsheviks ?

The Soviet Union was founded upon slaughter and torture. It celebrated its advent by the burning of churches and the murder of priests and nuns.

In Spain the same methods are applied.

Why is it not frankly said that these things are the work of the Red Government? Why it is not boldly stated that the so-called "rebels" are striving to end this régime of horror and restore order to their land?

THERE CAN BE NO "CONTEMPT OF COURT" WHERE RUSSIA IS CONCERNED. THE TENDERNESS DISPLAYED BY OUR GOVERNMENT TO RUSSIA CANNOT POSSIBLY ARISE FROM ANYTHING BUT GENUINE SOFTNESS TO THE REDS.

When Eden was clamouring for more Sanctions against a non-Bolshevist Italy he wooed the Russian Jew Litvinoff with suspicious assiduity. He visited Moscow and was fêted and toasted by the murderers of the Tsar, disporting himself in their midst in a strange Russian head-gear. When our own King George died it was Eden who took care that honours were paid to Litvinoff and that the Russians were made to feel that the British National Government held them in the warmest regard.

Throughout the past tragic half-year, Eden's antics at Geneva were to a tune piped by Litvinoff.

WHAT IS BEHIND IT ALL? ARE THERE NO CRIES FOR SANCTIONS AGAINST DISRUPTIVE BOLSHEVIST ACTIVITIES BECAUSE EDEN HAS LINKED US IN SOME SECRET PACT WITH MOSCOW?

When Ramsay MacDonald, with the active assistance of Stanley Baldwin, flung away India and prepared to fling away Egypt, was it because of some secret understanding with Russia—whose covetous eye has always been on our Eastern possessions?

Let it never be forgotten that MacDonald in 1917 called on the British to follow Russia into Bolshevism. Let it never be forgotten that Anthony Eden is MacDonald's *protégé*, owing to him all his advancement.

AND THE POLICY OF RUSSIA IS, AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, THE DESTRUCTION OF BRITAIN.

Bolshevism stinks in the nostrils of the British people: why then are the British people dragged at the heels of the Bolsheviks? Why is Britain in her foreign policy linked both to Russia and to France, whose own Red Government is supplying the Reds of Madrid with the means to slaughter the patriots who would save Spain from the pit of calamity into which Moscow has forced her?

At this time of the world's history, he who is not against Bolshevism is for it. Eden separates



WHAT COMMUNISM MEANS

Civil war in Spain (above); riots in Paris (below).

Britain from those nations who would defeat Moscow. In the great division he places Britain on the side of that which Britons loathe against those with whom Britons have everything in common.

It is time this tragic folly ended.

Tolerance of Communism has drenched Spain in blood: it has shattered the well-being of France: it has shaken the stability of Belgium.

It will disrupt Britain unless it is ended.

WORSE REMAINS BEHIND—IF BRITAIN MUCH LONGER CONTINUES TO PLAY WITH THE ACCURSED THING, GERMANY AND ITALY WILL ABANDON ALL HOPE OF CO-OPERATION WITH US. THEY WILL LINK US WITH THE ENEMIES OF MANKIND.

When the bombs shatter British docks and reduce to starvation our fifty million men, women and children, when we pass through a physical agony without precedent, it will be because our Foreign Minister befooled us into the wrong attachment.

It will be because when the great choice had to be made we left a puppet of Litvinoff to speak for us, instead of a patriot.

If Britain goes down in agony to obscurity it will be because her leaders had not the courage to denounce the Red evil, or because, for some motive, secret and unknown, they fostered it.

RACING

What Goodwood Means

By David Learmonth

THE last day of Goodwood marks the end of a definite period in the racing season. For the next four weeks there will be a lull, so far as really important meetings go, until the Ebor Meeting at York. After that, of course, we get on to the St. Leger and the final phase of the season so full of important handicaps, known as the back-end.

But Goodwood means more than this to the regular racegoer. It means that in a day or two the small man will be looking forward to earning something towards the keep of his horse; for then it will be Bank Holiday with its plethora of meetings at Sandown, Birmingham, Ripon and Chepstow, to say nothing of the small jumping meeting at Newton Abbott. With four meetings on the flat in one day, there is obviously a greater chance of placing a moderate horse to win.

Goodwood is, taking everything into consideration, my favourite race-course. The racing is all that one can ask for, the scenery magnificent, and, above all, one can see in comfort, which is more than one can say of Ascot or Epsom, so far as the average racegoer is concerned. But to be a successful owner at Goodwood one must, unless one has extraordinary luck, be a Cræsus.

This is no slur on Goodwood. It merely emphasises the quality of the racing and applies equally to such a meeting as Ascot; for everyone knows the value of a good racehorse.

Luck of the Game

Yet Goodwood has a good sporting record of important races won by small owners. Who will forget the local Chichester butcher and his Priory Park? Yet no one will deny that Mr. Howard was lucky, considering the enormous prices paid for bloodstock by rich men, with so little return.

Luck may certainly come to the small man. Take Mr. Ben Irish, who, after having been put well on the right side of the ledger by Periosteum, had the courage to commission his trainer to bid six thousand guineas for a likely yearling, and found himself the owner of Papyrus. But no one in his senses would expect such luck to continue; nor does it do so.

The element of luck and the phenomenal success at this meeting of the late Mr. S. B. Joel are the two things about Goodwood which always stand out in my mind. The element of luck is a personal matter. When young, I once started with a two pound bet on the Stewards' Cup in partnership with my father, and, betting in conjunction with him all the meeting, shared over a hundred pounds profit. This was a most remarkable run of luck, as we never had a bet of more than two pounds between us and we also missed several hundred-to-eight winners through not being able to find each other.

The bet which set the ball rolling was a pure fluke, too. We had been over Mr. Atty Persse's stables at Stockbridge a few days before and, among other horses, had seen General McCalmont's Tetrameter. I have never known Mr. Persse give away any information to outsiders, nor did we ask for any. We had no idea that Tetrameter was fancied to win the race but, not knowing what else to back, decided to risk our money on this chestnut merely because we had recently seen him. It was a silly and sentimental reason, but as the horse won at ten to one we did not lose any sleep over that.

On the other hand, I have had some horribly awkward Goodwoods, so disconcerting that I have felt that it was Ally Pally on Saturday or nothing. The special Providence which looks after punters is usually very kind at this meeting, and when Goodwood has proved unusually tricky, seems to whisper something in the favourites' ears and make them win. The unluckiest backer at Goodwood must be the one who cannot raise the fare to Hornsey.

Delightful Meetings

Goodwood also means to me that Steeplechasing is soon to be re-born, first seeing the light of day on August Bank Holiday in Devonshire. It is true that it is destined to remain a very small child for some time to come, but it is none the less important for all that, for these early days are one of the times when the poor and enthusiastic amateur has a chance both to learn the game and to win a race.

These Devonshire meetings are delightful, as one can combine a holiday at the seaside with a bit of real and unspoiled sport. There is wonderful good fellowship among the people who take part regularly in these small meetings, and the palatial establishments at Torquay are just as much enlivened as the smaller inns nearer the race-course.

Not that there is anything that is not respectable. On the contrary, a line, if you know where to look for it, is rigidly drawn. I remember on one occasion a well-known trainer and his wife who were on honeymoon arrived at one of these establishments during a race week. They had lost their luggage, and were indignantly refused accommodation until we had testified to their *bona-fides*.

But my serious reason for liking these small meetings is that I am sure they are of great benefit to racing as a whole by providing races in which young amateurs can ride with the minimum of expense, though I must say that railway fares discount this up to a point. These owners not only get a taste for racing but, having ridden themselves, get to understand it, and when they either make a fortune or come into their inheritance they often launch out in a larger way as owners on the flat.

CUCKOO

By Dan Russell

"CUCKOO, cuckoo, cuck-uckoo!" The monotonous call rang out over the fields as a bird flitted from the covert to perch in the branches of an elm tree. He was a large bird, grey in colour. His feathers were barred with white. His tail was darker than his back. His head was like that of a hawk. In fact, his whole appearance was like one of the smaller falcons.

He sat upon his branch and repeated his tedious call until he was answered by a curious bubbling sound like water being poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. This was the cry of his mate, for it is only the male cuckoo which utters the sound which has given him his name.

He called again, and in a few moments another cuckoo flew out of the covert and joined him. She did not linger on the branch but descended to the ground and crouched there. After a few moments she rose to disclose an egg beneath her. It was a curiously small egg for the size of the bird. Instead of being the size of a pigeon's egg it was more nearly like that of a sparrow. Its marking too, was peculiar. For on casual observation it appeared to be the egg of a robin. It was about the same size and colour, white spotted with red.

Mystery of Nature

It is a curious fact that the cuckoo possesses the ability to vary the colour of her eggs according to the nest in which she is going to deposit them. Thus the same bird may lay eggs which closely resemble those of the sparrow, robin or white-throat. They have even been known to produce eggs which were practically indistinguishable from those of the hedge sparrow, that is, blue-green with no spots on them. How the bird manages to vary the colour of her eggs is one of the mysteries of Nature.

When her egg was laid the cuckoo bent over it and took it in her beak. She gave a convulsive swallow and the egg disappeared to lodge in her throat. Then she rose into the air and with a curious hawk-like flight crossed the field towards the hedge.

In this hedge was the nest which she had chosen to be the repository of her egg. It was a robin's nest and was situated in the midst of a clump of thorns in such a position that the cuckoo could not have laid her egg directly into it. Had it been in an accessible place, she would have flown up and laid straight on to the nest. But in this particular instance a little strategy was needed.

The hen robin was sitting tight on her eggs. The difficulty was to get her off so that the cuckoo could drop her egg into its future nursery. She concealed herself in the hedge some twenty yards from the robin and bubbled to her mate. Immediately he heard her he flew and hovered above the nest. The robin saw him and screamed



Cuckoo fledgling

for her mate, who came in haste. She left her nest and together they began to mob the male cuckoo. Whether they thought he was a hawk I do not know, but leave that nest they did, and while they were busy worrying her mate the female cuckoo crept up and coughed up the egg from her throat. It fell gently into the nest and lay amongst the six eggs which were already there. She flew off and bubbled to her mate who left the angry robins and returned to her.

Trouble in the Nest

The robins found nothing wrong with their nest and the hen resumed her brooding all unconscious of the fact that a usurper was amongst the clutch.

The days went by and one by one the eggs hatched. Two were infertile and these she cast over the edge of the nest. The nestlings were small, naked ugly things with voracious appetites. The robins were kept busy all the time with the business of finding food for their ever-hungry children, and the hungriest of the lot was the young cuckoo who ate twice as much as any of the others.

He grew rapidly, so that in a very few days he was much larger than his foster-brothers. He occupied the middle of the nest so that the others had to crowd around him. One day, while they were all still blind and helpless, the cuckoo began to twist and heave. Gradually he worked one skinny, naked wing under the body of one of the young robins. Then he wriggled his body so that the luckless youngster was perched on his back. One heave and the nestling went over the side to perish in misery on the ground below. Soon afterwards another followed it and then another until before

long the cuckoo was the sole occupant of the nest. On the ground lay four pitiful little bodies, one of which was still twitching.

It is a remarkable thing that this eviction of the nestlings is only done when the cuckoo is blind and has to work by sense of touch. If a fledged cuckoo is introduced into a nest it will live quite amicably with any other occupant.

Appetite

Now that the cuckoo was alone in the nest it grew rapidly and its appetite increased in proportion. By the time its feathers had grown the two robins were spending all their time in finding food for it. While they were away the cuckoo kept up a ceaseless piping noise as if urging them to greater industry. So much larger was he than his foster-parents that when they came to feed him their head and shoulders disappeared down the capacious throat. It was an ungrateful child, for when the robins had fed it it would jab at them with its beak as though to drive them off to search for more food.

Long after it was fledged the parasite stayed in the nest. Although it was perfectly capable of flight it made no attempt to leave. It had far too good a home and was fed too well to think of leaving.

The Robins Rebel

When at last it left the nest it made no attempt to feed itself. The foolish robins danced attendance upon it and tried to teach it to search for grubs and worms but the lazy bird just sat down and called for food to be brought to it. The robins were exhausted by the incessant strain of supplying the cuckoo, but they kept at it. The usurper grew fat and big with easy living.

But even the best of things must end. One day it seemed that the robins realised that the cuckoo was perfectly capable of looking after himself. Despite his protesting cries they left him. They had done their task. They had lost their brood and had spent all their energies so that yet another trickster might be loosed upon the countryside.

MOTORING

Bank Holiday Accidents

By Sefton Cummings

IN a very few days' time the results of Mr. Belisha's efforts to reduce the number of people killed on the road will once more be put to the test, for it will be the occasion of the great August manoeuvres, when the hospitals make preparations as though for war, when the ambulance drivers look over their machines in anticipation of a heavy mileage, and when the solicitors, scattered from Sandwich to Westward Ho! can enjoy their rounds and relax comfortably at the nineteenth hole, secure in the knowledge that there will be plenty of litigation when the holidays are over.

I do not think anyone can dispute that the greatly increasing numbers of motor vehicles are responsible more than anything for the large number of accidents, merely on the law of averages. How great this number is can be judged by the fact that the Morris Company has been turning out an average of a thousand eight horse-power models alone every week since September, 1934, and that this number is now on the increase. (I gave a lower figure a little while ago, for which I apologise.)

Army of the Road

Thus, over fifty thousand new cars of one type and make alone come on to the roads each year. Old cars, of course, go off, but not nearly so fast as the new ones come on.

A large number of the drivers of new cars must either be learners or drivers of little experience, and I should like to see statistics of the percentage of accidents in which these drivers are involved.

I should imagine that they are surprisingly few,

particularly since the excellent law which has made it obligatory for learners to label themselves; for this means that other reasonable drivers will allow them an extra margin for error. With rather more, but not very experienced, drivers I should imagine the percentage would be a little higher, as, feeling more confidence, they would be more inclined to take risks.

Cause of Casualties

I think, however, the very large number of accidents which take place during Bank Holiday times is due to other causes than mere numbers on the roads and inexperienced drivers. One is undoubtedly a holiday spirit of an unfortunate kind, involving too frequently an unwise consumption of alcohol.

Then, many drivers try to cram too much into their holiday and to encompass too great a distance, with the result that they get over-tired and cannot act quickly in an emergency. It may be that errors of judgment are also due to this reason.

Another cause, I think, is exasperation owing to the fact that motorists often have to drive for long distances in a stream of traffic. Although on comparatively straight roads, they find it difficult to pass slower vehicles, and this, combined with frayed nerves due to over-fatigue, which they may or may not have tried to combat by stopping for a drink, leads them to take risks which they would not take ordinarily.

If I am correct, and I feel sure I am partially correct, the Minister of Transport is faced with a very difficult problem, as it is a psychological one, and no amount of tests will solve it.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Biographies and Latest Fiction

IRONY has played a conspicuous part in shaping the course of Ireland's last hundred years of political history.

It was ironical, to say the least, that Parnell, the champion in the Victorian era of the Catholic Irish peasant against the landlord and the advocate of a "No Rent" campaign, should have been himself a Protestant and the possessor of a large estate. Ironical, too, that this same Squire of Avondale who wanted to free Ireland from the English "yoke" he detested so much, should have looked and talked like an Englishman and been the descendant of genuine English stock.

Ironical, again, that it should have been Parnell's own acts that were responsible for postponing the arrival of the Home Rule for which he had fought.

And yet again ironical that that Home Rule, when conferred long after his death, should have proved a dead letter, to be superseded by a solemn Anglo-Irish Treaty, drawn up by a partly Conservative Government, that was to be in turn rendered null and void by a half Spanish, wholly fanatical Irish President.

Miss Joan Haslip, who gave us a year ago a brilliantly written biography of William Pitt's eccentric niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, has essayed a far more difficult task in endeavouring to set down the full story of Charles Stewart Parnell's tempestuous career ("Parnell," illustrated, Cobden-Sanderson, 15s.).

An Inferiority Complex

Parnell's life was one of continuous storm, and Miss Haslip can hardly expect that her interpretation of highly controversial issues in Victorian politics will pass unchallenged.

Nonetheless, it is only fair to her to add that this biography is an extremely readable one, and that her admiration for and sympathy with Parnell do not blind her to his faults or, indeed, to the fact that his antagonism to England and Englishmen was to some extent, at least, accounted for by an "inferiority complex."

The chief interest of the book lies in the excellence of its portraits—of Parnell himself, the members of his family, his friends and associates, and notably the two O'Sheas. Miss Haslip, incidentally it may be mentioned, sheds a great deal of fresh light on the famous divorce case.

The Russian Exile

Those who read that charming and very moving account of a Russian family's hardships after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, "One Woman's Story," by Mme. Mary Britnieva, will welcome its sequel, "A Stranger in Your Midst" (Arthur Barker, 10s. 6d.).

In her new book Mme. Britnieva tells of her efforts to set up a new home for herself and her two children in England, of her journeys to Russia in search for a husband who had been murdered by

the Soviet, of visits to "Beyond the Border Russia," the *émigré* settlement in Paris, and to Finland, of her own varied "jobs" and the education of her children.

The unaffected, simple language with which she records her struggles and experiences has a magic all its own, for it conjures up out of a few sentences here and there a whole series of unforgettable portraits and pictures.

Take, for example, this passage referring to Russian *émigrés* in Paris "fighting heroically and stubbornly against assimilation, striving with all their might to remain Russian":—

"One of the things that impressed me most were the survivors of a Cossack regiment, who worked at the freight station of the Gare de l'Est. Here all day long officers and men unloaded trucks together as fellow-workmen. They lived in an old building near by, which had been converted into a barracks. Here they returned at night and the old regimental distinctions of rank and discipline were voluntarily resumed. The officers could have found other jobs, but they preferred staying with their men with whom they had lived through so much, and to keep together the remains of the old regiment."

Fiction

If "They Walk in the City" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) does not offer us quite the spacious canvas of "The Good Companions"—or in other words, the variety of characters that are to be met with in that book—the new Priestley reveals all its author's descriptive powers at their best.

This story of the two provincial lovers, lost and eventually finding one another in the "forest of stone" (London), holds one from beginning to end, despite its length, because of Mr. Priestley's genius for portraiture and vivid scene painting, and his many "purple patches" of delicate and delicious irony.

Mr. Richard Sale, in his first venture in the field of fiction, has written a remarkably fine novel. "Not too Narrow, Not too Deep" (Cassell) tells of the escape of ten convicts from a French penal settlement and of the sea change they suffer in the course of their adventures, through the influence of a mysterious stranger who joins them. It is a starkly realistic tale, told with a simplicity of language and an economy of words that is impressive.

"Clochemerle," by Gabriel Chevalier (translated by Jocelyn Godefroi, Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.), is a French best-seller, the sales of which across the Channel have already approached a quarter of a million.

It displays what the author himself ascribes as characteristic of the inhabitants of the little town of Clochemerle—an entire absence of "needless hypocrisy" and "a certain Gallic fondness for the licentious jest." It is a full-blooded, satirical picture of French small-town life and manners, and is delightfully entertaining even if the humour is more than a trifle Rabelaisian.

**We invite our readers
to write to us expressing
their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR R

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us by the first post on Monday morning.

A Sickly Generation

DEAR LADY,—

As one who lived in the Victorian age, and thank God I did, I look at the Press, the politicians of then and now, and feel disgusted that the country allows them to hold office.

They have made our name a byword throughout the world, and if allowed to continue will break up this glorious Empire which our forefathers created.

In my young days we had books and papers that spurred us on, and we were respected.

I feel the greatest contempt for the majority of the rising generation, they will never make the men of the Victorian age. Give us some strong men who will make all of us toe the line, or else go under. I am for Lord Lloyd as Prime Minister, but none of the present Cabinet, the Baldwins and the MacDonalds, etc.

NORTHUMBRIAN.

East Ham. E.6.

Diluted Conservatism

SIR,—The centenary of the birth of that great patriot, imperialist and empire-builder, Joseph Chamberlain, compels a comparison between those virile and honest politicians of forty years ago and the invertebrate and opportunistic talking men of to-day who call themselves Conservatives.

Quite recently Mr. Baldwin had the hardihood to suggest that the Conservative Party to-day drew its inspiration from Disraeli. He apparently found it expedient to forget that, whereas he had been instrumental in extending the franchise to 18½ millions of non-taxpayers, Disraeli said that "on the day when universal suffrage came England would be doomed."

There is not one politician in the present Cabinet who is not infected with the virus of Socialism and the reason for this is that, in spite of twelve millions of electors having voted for right wing Conservatism in 1931, our so-called Conservative leaders to-day are perpetually engaged in attempts by bribery to convert Socialist electors, attempts which fail of their purpose, and which are wholly unnecessary in view of the fact that there are twelve millions of electors ready to vote for conservatism, but for true conservatism only.

The Reason Why

The whole reason why Conservatives have lost both by-elections and general elections in the past has been that the leaders, after having undertaken purely Conservative policies, forget their undertaking when in office and proceed liberally to dilute their conservatism with socialistic measures.

Take the present Government which speciously calls itself "National," but which was meant, as was the 1931 Government meant by the electorate, to be uncompromisingly Conservative. This Government, like the previous one, has never ceased from toying with socialism and for every Conservative measure brought forward there have been half a dozen measures of purely socialistic origin.

Can there be any cause for surprise, therefore, in the fact that Conservative electors have, in sheer disappointment and disgust, abstained from voting?

Derby by-election has just been lost for this reason, just as were the general elections where the Socialists gained office. And the worst part of the matter is that both the Conservative leaders and the Central Office remain completely dead to the circumstance that if Con-

servative parliamentary nominees had sedulously implemented in the House of Commons their promises to the electors who wanted right wing conservatism and nothing else, the Socialist Party would never have gained office.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street,
London, W.1.

A New Party and a New Leader

SIR,—Of course England wants Conservatism, which is the sole antidote to destructive Socialism in addition to being the only political creed under which Britain can prosper industrially, socially, and economically.

In 1931, and after—in two years the Socialists had "done their damndest" to bring the country to ruin—twelve millions of electors voted for forthright Conservatism and these electors must have included at least eight millions of workers, the electoral salt of the earth.

The parliamentary nominees of these electors under Mr. Baldwin completely failed to implement the purely Conservative measures for which alone they received their mandate, with the result that at the last election between 1½ and 2 millions of Conservatives abstained from voting.

Lord Lloyd

The present Government under Mr. Baldwin is again implementing semi-socialistic measures, contrary to the mandate given by Conservatives throughout the country, and it only needs another two millions of abstentions by these electors to make the Socialists a present of office.

It would seem opportune for the four millions of direct taxpayers to form a new right wing party and to co-opt the eight millions of workers who want forthright Conservatism and nothing else. But since there is not a single member of the present Cabinet untainted by that political opportunism and expediency which counts vote-catching as being of more importance than the true interests of the nation, it would appear that a leader with credentials of capacity, honesty and patriotism is needed.

There could be no better man for such an exalted position than Lord Lloyd, who has shown himself beyond any doubt as standing for Britain and the Empire first, last, and all the time.

Pink Conservatives

The electorate has had a surfeit of pink Conservative leadership blundering along in a "national" fog of ineptitude, indolence and internationalism, and quite apart from the fact that this procedure has been an affront to Conservative electors ever since Mr. Baldwin attempted to substitute the word "National" for that of "Conservative," it must always provide a fruitful source of danger of making the threat of Socialism a reality.

The only chance of the Socialist Party attaining office lies in the unconservative behaviour of the Conservative Party and the Central Office, for it has been shown that the majority of the electorate will vote for real but not for sham Conservatism such as has been practised by Mr. Baldwin and his myrmidons.

The vital necessity for a new Party lies in the fact that there is no sign whatever that either Mr. Baldwin or the Central Office have any intention of reverting to forthright Conservatism, the sole political creed which gained them the support of the electorate.

REAL CONSERVATIVE.

London, W.1.

READERS THINK

Patriotism or Pacifism

SIR,—The only way to counteract the pernicious effects of Pacifism is to expose the hollowness of its case. It claims to speak in the name of religion, the effect of which, on the many whose lives are filled up with personal affairs, is as if a mental dope had been administered, robbing them of their reasoning faculties.

All human experience goes to prove that religion to be effective should be not a refuge for the weak so much as a means or institution for the co-operation of the strong.

The ideal of Universal Brotherhood, which is that upon which pacifism mainly rests, is no more practical now than at the time of its original conception, for the reason that Providence has not yet worked out which is the fittest to survive, the White, the Yellow, or the Black. Universal Brotherhood must logically accept a blending of all three. Our Pacifists might themselves set an example of the blending process.

Meanwhile Providence is working out which is the fittest of the separate peoples, thus proving that Patriotism is a true and a divine instinct in the striving towards perfection. For, with it all, with all the pratings and preachings, peoples are moved by instincts which have a truer religious prompting than is ordinarily admitted.

W. J. EVANS.

Shelley House, Worthing.

The B.B.C. and Spain

YOUR LADYSHIP,—

Can't something be done about Spain before our politicians commit us—as they did over Italy?

The disgusting *British Broadcasting Corporation's* equally revolting references (in the second news on July 25th) to "*Loyal troops*" and "*Rebels*" made my blood boil.

I do not pretend to be a politician, thank God, but it did seem to me a bit unnecessary for a so-called impartial body to "air" their views thus.

I had thought that loyal troops were those who fought for the King—and for their country. It seems, though, that these are the Rebels—according to the B.B.C.

Now we know!

STRUTT GORDON.

55, Brookland Rise, N.W.11.

The League and the Constitution

SIR,—The fact should be impressed on our people that until the British Constitution has been altered by Act of Parliament no one can put the nation's policy, domestic or foreign, under alien control.

The British nation has not joined the League of Nations nor could it do so until the Government has received and ratified, by Act of Parliament, a mandate from the nation to surrender its right, as a Sovereign State.

Unless this issue is faced fairly and squarely it is hopeless to stem the tide of League of Nations Union propaganda. I have endeavoured for years to get a straight answer on this point; but my questions have always been evaded, ignored and even reported in the Press as indecipherable.

Either we must be bound by Act of Parliament to submit to League, i.e., alien government or the attempt to force it upon the Nation is treason.

M.C.P.

Chancery Lane.

America and the League

MADAM,—

Your correspondent "*Septuagenarian*" rightly stigmatises a League without U.S.A., Germany and Japan, as powerless.

Those who are still holding on to the exploded theories of the League of Nations Union would do well to study the real position and resolve to face facts, however unpalatable to them.

We cannot determine what form of new or reformed League would induce Germany and Japan to rejoin; but we do know on what terms America would do so; for Americans have told us, although their pronouncement on the subject has been obscured by subsequent happenings. As a world League omitting even only the United States would still much resemble Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, it is well worth while to recall these terms and to set out generally the conditions upon which America would probably be willing to participate in a new League.

Widespread Alarm

When towards the end of 1918 Woodrow Wilson was contemplating his approaching visit to France, he endeavoured, by unworthy partisan manoeuvres which were stigmatised in no measured language by prominent Senators, to get a blank cheque from Congress, that is to say an unlimited mandate to do as he pleased at Versailles.

This attempt, which fortunately did not succeed, nevertheless aroused widespread indignation and alarm in the country. People, prominent Senators among them, were genuinely concerned lest Woodrow Wilson should tamper with the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. They therefore formed in March, 1919, the "*League for the Preservation of American Independence*" which had the warm approval and active support of many prominent Senators, the best known among them on our side of the Atlantic being Lodge, Borah and Reed.

What the Senate Thought

The form of application for membership of this League is on record in the Library of Congress. Here is what it says:—

"The American people while wanting to do their full share in abating warfare . . . are willing that their Government should enter into suitable international engagements the better to ensure the preservation of peace" . . . but are not willing to be compelled to do certain things chief among which were the following:

1. To guarantee the territorial integrity and political independence of all States throughout the world.
2. Administer and police distant foreign peoples.
3. Engage in wars at the command of other nations.
4. Jeopardise the right of America to frame her own immigration and labour laws.
5. Cease doing business with any people at the command of a group of foreign Powers. (So much for Sanctions!)
6. Permit foreign nations to regulate the growth of the Army and Navy of the United States.

This league died a natural death as soon as the Covenant was defeated in the Senate, but it represented such an influential body of opinion that we may assume that the conditions of American co-operation would not be materially changed to-day.

OLIVER E. BODINGTON.

7, Rue Chaligny, Paris.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Alice in Politics

SIR,—Alice in Wonderland is entirely eclipsed by some recent marvellous inconsistencies.

I. The L.C.C. discourage militarism and recruiting, the very men who are required to serve the Anti-Aircraft Guns, and prevent their palatial office being bombed. Ostrich-like they ignore the fact that the Government have recently spent £850,000 on anti-gas protectors and are raising a Special National Defence Force. Do they imagine the Government have no grounds for these precautions?

II. The League of Nations Union pressed for the closing of the Suez Canal and the expulsion of Italy from the League—this must have inevitably led to war—and this from a Union based on 10 million Peace Votes.

III. The Socialists declare that any rearmament must be limited to the requirements of "collective security," in face of the fact that Mr. Baldwin has told us that "collective security" has failed.

It is impossible to reconcile these apparently contradictory policies—the falseness of which is obvious, but we must concentrate ourselves entirely on strengthening our defences as speedily as possible.

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

Camberley.

An Alliance with Bolshevism

SIR,—As time goes on it is becoming more and more evident that this country, in spite of the sound instinctive feelings of the bulk of its inhabitants, is being drawn by the British Government into an unnatural alliance with Bolshevism against countries like Germany and Italy, which stand for law and order.

It is known that the same Bolshevik who fomented the terrible Communistic outrages in Hungary after the war, has been busy for the last year in Spain. Why does the British Government tacitly help such movements?

Our policy must soon plunge us into war against Germany, and, perhaps Japan, in order to protect Russian Bolshevism. Only an "awakening" of the public to the Truth can bring about an alteration of such a policy. There is no time to lose, for the menace of war is right upon us.

H. T. MILLS.

6, Manson Place, S.W.7.

Lack of Principles and the Result

SIR,—The life of the country is still being directed under no principles whatever and, also, its policy seems to be carried on from hand to mouth to no definite objectives and along no clear road.

During the shameful past ten months, whilst attempts were being made to destroy the sovereignty of the nation over its own actions and destiny, subordinating this freedom to the control of a polyglot collection of foreign politicians at Geneva, no effort was made to ascertain the real minds of the people or to place the real truths of the matter fairly before them.

Italy, a year ago, may have been looked on as a comparatively weak State amongst the first-class nations. It is known now that, on the contrary, she is formidably strong, not only through strength of arms, but also through the unity, discipline and calmness of her people.

It is worth while to consider without prejudice what power lies in a system of government which has so transformed a nation that was formerly one of the most disunited and turbulent countries in Europe.

Whatever it may be it has enabled a poor and over-populated country to maintain an army of 300,000 men, some thousands of miles from her own coasts, simultaneously with a mobilised army of 800,000 at home, with perfect unity and tranquillity amongst her civil population, with no shortage or rise in the cost of essentials, without any attempts at profiteering and with

a somewhat lower rate of taxation than we ourselves are subject to to-day.

It has been the fashion to describe Signor Mussolini as a Dictator, with the implication that a Dictator must be a tyrant riding rough-shod and by force over his people, without consideration for them, their opinions, happiness, views or needs.

On the contrary, he owes his so-called "Dictatorship" to his strength of character and to his power of inspiring a spirit of patriotic sacrifice. The consequent benefits to all classes in Italy has been so obvious that he has concentrated public opinion in his own conception of the people's good. Italy to-day is as united a country as England is (needlessly and unfortunately) a disunited one.

The Key to Success

The successful termination of the Abyssinian War has been due to this unity of public opinion expressed through vocational syndicates and corporations in which all classes are combined.

Unity and discipline will succeed where disunity and indiscipline will not. The unheard-of obstacles placed in Italy's way have been utterly impotent to arrest her in a course which she clearly understood.

Surely it is worth while for every intelligent lover of his or her country, to study those principles and methods which have produced such remarkable and praiseworthy results elsewhere.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary outcry from unpatriotic quarters, it still is not a crime to love one's country nor to desire to continue in one's pride of it. Nor is it a crime to wish that it may be strong.

HENRY FORTESCUE.

The Bridge House, Weybridge.

Changing Tears to Smiles



This little child is one of the 113,034 helped last year by the N.S.P.C.C.

Many little children have forgotten how to smile, their childhood days marred by callous parents and guardians. Will you remember these unhappy little ones

and help this Society's unceasing efforts to change tears to smiles?

PLEASE SEND A GIFT TO Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 6 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 8 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5053.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 23, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2 — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 19/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 3 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSLEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to 46 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton & Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/- Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 45 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £3 7/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles. free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/- Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 13; Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3. and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-

WALTON-ON-NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BIGG. Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE. N. Cornwall.—The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND. Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays—hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PLYMOUTH Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH. S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH. S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel: Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracandale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN. Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—THE ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Lens Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3-4 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone: 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—Grand Hotel, Sea front. Cent. 110 bed., all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTH ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 63, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary St. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardsealach Hotel, Achrae. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Texham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone, Vic. 0867 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15/- D., 27/- Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 2801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, No. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3; Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T. Jesmond, 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviere Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel. Clarence parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel. Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

A Crisis Confronts Australia

From an Australian Correspondent

AUSTRALIA is at present facing a crisis which, unless it is successfully passed, may well reduce the Commonwealth from a condition of healthy prosperity to sickly distress.

These may seem strong words, but they are not excessive, though it is probable that even in Australia at large the implications of the finding of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in what has become known as the "James Case" have not yet been fully realised.

Mr. F. A. James, a South Australian dried fruits merchant, has spent 10 years and between £20,000 and £30,000 in fighting the efforts of the Commonwealth Government to control the marketing of dried fruits.

The case, which went before the Judicial Committee, was an appeal by Mr. James against a finding of the High Court of Australia. In effect, he asked the Judicial Committee to answer this question:

Is the Commonwealth Government bound by Section 92 of the Commonwealth Constitution, which declares that trade between the States shall be "absolutely free"?

The finding of the Judicial Committee left no doubt that Section 92 is binding on the Commonwealth.

I talked with Mr. James a few minutes after the finding was delivered. He said:

"The finding is a victory for the individual citizen and the rights of the smaller States. It re-establishes the original intention of the framers of the Constitution and restores the rights which the Commonwealth and some of the States were steadily filching."

This represents the viewpoint of one school of Australian thought. But there is another school of thought on this question, one which is deeply perturbed by the prospect of the imminent collapse of a marketing system created by steady, painstaking labour.

For that is what the decision means. Not merely the collapse of the system governing the marketing of dried fruits, but the collapse of the system which Australia has devised to enable its primary producers at large to gain profitable prices for their commodities.

Naturally, the second school of thought has the Commonwealth Government as its cornerstone. The reply of the Government to the Judicial Committee's decision has been to decide in favour of a referendum.

At this referendum, which will probably be held early in January, the people of Australia will be asked

to give the Government the power it requires to control the marketing of Australian goods, not only overseas but also between the States.

It would be too sweeping to say that the possession of this power by the Commonwealth Government is necessary if Australia is to continue to flourish. Mr. James and his followers would certainly not agree with that dogma.

Nevertheless, a working knowledge of Australian conditions indicates the desirability of some form of control in the marketing of primary products.

It must be realised that the Commonwealth is a land in which wages and working conditions are infinitely superior to those ruling in the majority of countries with which Australia competes in the overseas markets. It follows logically that Australian production costs are heavier.

On the face of it, then, there is only one means by which Australia may compete with low-wage, long-hour countries. That is, her industries must be aided by bounty, either direct or indirect.

The Commonwealth has chosen to give indirect bounties to many products by fixing home consumption prices. The Judicial Committee's decision has made it impossible for this system to continue, because in the absence of intra-State control, the well-ordered plan of marketing within the Commonwealth must break down.

A change in the Constitution is the only way out. Great Britain will watch the result with interest. For, among other things, the future of migration between Britain and Australia depends on the Commonwealth's decision.

Water Off a Duck's Back

By Cleland Scott.

Nanyuki, Kenya.

JUDGING by the questions asked in the House of Commons, the publicity given to any adverse comments on Kenya, and the policy in general of the Colonial Office, attempts are still being made to wreck White Settlement in Kenya.

The sooner everyone grasps that all such efforts have as much effect as does pouring water on a duck's back in an attempt to wet it, the better it will be for East Africa as a whole.

The steady drip of water will wear away a stone in time but it is a very slow process when the stone happens to be unusually hard.

The men and women who have sunk their all and made their homes in Kenya are not going to be driven out in a hurry.

The Cawthorn report on Kenya is the most damning piece of evidence

against the Local Government presumably inspired by the Colonial Office.

In both Rhodesias and in Nyassaland this officer in his search for land for settlement, was welcomed with open arms and prepared schemes were handed to him.

In Kenya, what? Nothing ready, no enthusiasm. In his own words: "... the attitude appeared to be negative and without initiative."

This gentleman had no axe to grind and merely stated the facts as he found them. The settlers have a right to know why others of their kind are discouraged from colonising.

The reason the farmers and planters want an Order in Council re the "Highlands" is that with all due respect to Great Britain's disinterestedness—in fact she often seems so disinterested as not to care at all—they have not forgotten what happened to the Loyalists in Ireland.

The Invasion of Canada

THE United States of America, with allies from as far south as Mexico and Puerto Rico, is invading Canada, and the Canadians are welcoming the advancing armies with open arms.

The spearheads of the main American advance of tourists have broken through at Windsor, Fort Erie and Niagara Falls.

Canada is used to these invasions. No less than 15,000,000 tourists, bringing with them three-and-a-half million motor cars, from the United States, visited her last year. Reports for the present season indicate that an even larger army will cross her defenceless borders during 1936.

The development of motor tourist traffic in Canada can be traced back through the files of the Customs Department to the beginning of this century. The first comers, like the pioneers in other fields, had their obstacles to overcome.

In 1901 there were no regulations governing the admission of tourists' cars into Canada. That year an enquiry came from the Automobile Club of America who, in return, were informed that cars brought in by their owners, for pleasure and not sale or hire, would be accepted if a deposit of their full value and taxes was made and they were "exported" again within six months. During the next year 50 enquiries were received. The Canadians then realised that the regulations were too stringent and in July, 1903, amended them to a deposit of five per cent. of the value of the car and a bond of double the estimated duties.

To-day the tourist who wishes to visit Canada may enter with his car and outfit merely upon reporting to the Customs & Immigration Officers at the frontier.

The Weapons of India

(2) The Katar

By F. R. Lee, I.E.S., Retd.

THE Katar is in name and origin peculiar to India. It is sometimes known as "jamdar," "the death-bringer."

Its pedigree begins with the fortified fist: through the "*cæstus*," a gladiator's weapon, then rings separate or joined, the knuckleduster, which, fortified with claws, becomes the "tiger-claw" weapon, allied to the sharks-tooth puncher of the Pacific Islands.

Of the same family are all those weapons having the grip parallel to the knuckles. Some trench knives used in the Great War are modern members of the same clan.

Of the full-fledged Katar seven types prevail:—

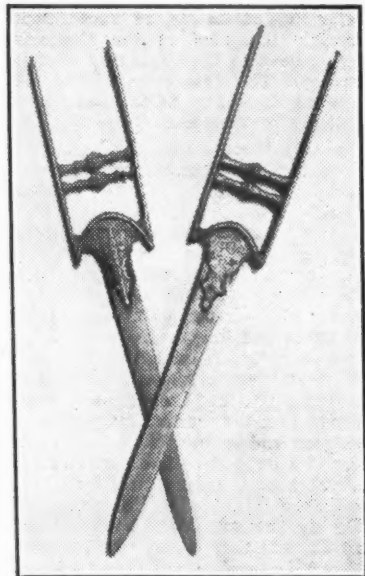
- (1) The plain single blade.
- (2) With two blades.
- (3) With two or more blades opening by a spring or lever.
- (4) With a shell knuckle-guard.
- (5) With blade elongated and fitted with a gauntlet for the forearm.
- (6) With one or two pistols fitted to the quillons.
- (7) With wavy or saw edges.

When the Moghuls ruled in Persia they wore in the sash the dagger called *Peshqabz* (front grasper).

A few years after their conquest of India, the Katar becomes the usual weapon from Kashmir to Cape Comorin, from Quetta to the borders of Nepal.

Our visionaries chatter about "The Soul of India" and seem to imagine that by talking about "All India" (incidentally, why not an "All Ireland" or an "All Australia" Cricket XI?) there is such a thing.

Akbar, a really great man, made two attempts to unify that great Continent, first by a hotch-potch of



Katars from Gwalior



Prince Khurram (afterwards Moghul Emperor Shah Jehan) with Katar in Belt.

doctrines culled from antagonistic faiths. He called it the "*Din Alahi*," the Divine Faith. This was a deliberate policy and failed as all such attempts must, wherever men start from hostile premises firmly held.

The other was the universal adoption of the Katar, a Hindu invention, a weapon as sound as the fancy religion was the opposite.

It was at once seen that a punching weapon driven by a straight arm and with a fortified point was the best instrument for piercing the armour in which all went clothed.

The practice of sealing important documents with a drawing of the Katar, and its survival on postage-stamps, is interesting.

Except fancy weapons of decadent work and poor material made to humbug the unwary, the only genuine Katars are found in the armouries of the independent Princes, and those sold by reputable dealers in Indian arms.

All the resources of Indian art, and at its best it is of a very high order, gold and silver plating, wire inlay jewels, enamels, precious stones, incisement and embossing were lavished in their decoration.

Katars were invariably and wholly of metal. As befits a weapon to which a man might have to entrust his life, the blade was of the highest quality "*fouladi*," the so-called "Damascus steel."

The wavy marking of this, called "*jauhar*" (watering), is due chiefly to crystallisation of the metal. "Unwatered" steel is known as "*khamiri*" (plain).

The flexible blade of an old European sword was sometimes riveted to the Katar haft. Katars incised with animals and hunting scenes came from Oudh round Lucknow.

Those with floral designs heavily plated with silver from Gwalior.

At Vizianagram, two famous makers produced those splendid long and thin ribbed blades.

The more eccentric Katars with spring opening blades and those fitted with pistols issued from Rampur and Monghyr.

One such is in the King's collection at Buckingham Palace and the other in the South Kensington Museum.

These have two pistols. Mine has one.

The accompanying plates, reproduced by kind leave of the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, show two kinds of Katars and the method of wearing them.

The second is a Moghul painting about 1623. Beneath in the handwriting of Prince Khurram (afterwards Shah Jehan) is written in Persian:—

"*Az Nokran Khub Mabuzdar; Tirandazi Bemashal Bud.*"

"Of my servants the best; he was matchless in archery."

Once She Was a Warrior's Queen

WIZENED, bent and poorly clad, but not without traces of royal dignity, an ex-queen has been listening to a Native Missionary Conference at Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia. Her name is Macebose, once one of the superior wives, or queens, of Lobengula, last King of the Matabele.

Her father was Gungunyana, a Zulu chief, who, like Mziligazi—Pathway of Blood—father of Lobengula, fled from Natal during the reign of the dreaded Zulu King Tshaka, often referred to as the Black Napoleon.

A little over forty years ago, the slightest whim of Queen Macebose was law to whole regiments of plumed warriors. To-day, with a middle-aged daughter, she lives on a small pension granted by the Rhodesian Government.

Behind her faded, but imperious, old eyes and deeply furrowed face are memories that would make a score of books.

It was to Queen Macebose's father, Gungunyana, that Dr. Jameson made his famous journey in 1891 through forests and swamps to secure a concession over Gazaland to obtain a seaboard for what is now Southern Rhodesia. Dr. Jim obtained the concession and permanently undermined his health in so doing, but the Imperial Government turned it down and to-day Rhodesia remains an inland state while the Portuguese rule over Gazaland.

The days of native wars, raids for women and cattle, the ritual execution of wizards and the barbaric splendour of the last great Bantu warrior-king, died with Macebose's husband. To-day her chief interest is the spread of Christianity amongst the black races who were once the subjects of Lobengula—the Terrible in War.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope

By Professor A. P. Newton.

IN the year when the Golden City of Johannesburg is celebrating the first half century since its foundation in 1886 it is fitting to recall the events of just four centuries before when men of European stock first set foot on the shores of South Africa in pursuit of their quest for the precious metal.

For sixty years or more after Prince Henry the Navigator first sent out his explorers, the Portuguese were gradually creeping from point to point down the western coast of the Dark Continent, but it was not until the 'eighties of the fifteenth century that the greatest steps forward were made and at last the turning point was reached and a new chapter began in the history of the world.

There were many motives actuating the Portuguese explorers in their search along the African coast, but undoubtedly one of the most potent was their desire to find access by sea to the unknown sources of the gold dust that had for centuries been carried across the desert by Moorish caravans to be sold to European traders in the ports of Barbary on the Mediterranean.

The Moors themselves were ignorant as to the source of the gold because they never came into direct contact with the negroes who washed it from the river sands, but by 1475 the Portuguese had reached the Gold



A Portuguese Carrack from an engraving of the late fifteenth century in the Royal Library at Brussels. The Carracks carried the spices from the East Indies to Lisbon and thence to Antwerp, where they were prepared for sale by retail.



Map to illustrate the Portuguese discoveries on the west coast of Africa during the 15th century.

Coast and engaged in the purchase of gold dust from the tribes there in exchange for European manufactures.

The new supply became an important factor in the economic life of Europe which had been starved of bullion for centuries, and her discoveries raised Portugal from a poor and insignificant principality to wealth within a very few years.

By 1482 a great fortress was established at Elmina to command the trade, and King John II felt strong enough to push his efforts further and discover the full extent of the African Continent and the other goldmines that were reputed to lie in the far south.

He sent out a well-equipped expedition under Diogo Cam from Elmina in 1482 and in the two following years the coast was explored beyond the Equator and the mouth of the River Congo.

Stone pillars were set up at prominent points along the coast to mark it as Portuguese territory and in a second voyage of 1485-6 Cam pushed as far as Cape Cross near the modern Walvis Bay and erected a pillar there which has survived to our own day.

Meanwhile the King was gleaming all the information he could concerning the Ocean that washed the eastern coast of Africa and especially about goldmines there.

He was planning to open up a sea route to the Spice marts of Southern India, but he was also aiming at the

gold trade that the Arabs carried on with the port of Sofala.

In 1487 an experienced sailor, Bartholomew Dias was sent forth from Lisbon with two caravels under orders to pass beyond the furthest point reached by Cam and to press on as far as he could to find out where the land ended.

Four months after sailing he reached Walvis Bay where he erected a stone pillar. When he left again he was driven off shore by strong winds and carried far to the south.

As he tacked back in search of the coast he had been following, he could find nothing to the east of him and when he sailed north he came at last to a coast that was clearly trending east.

He realised that he had passed the turning point and after passing on as far as Algoa Bay, where he erected his last pillar, he returned, keeping a close look-out for the land's end to the south-west.

We do not know the exact day on which he saw it, but it must have been in May, 1488.

It is not certain whether Dias actually gave it the name of the "Cape of Good Hope" or that of the "Cape of Storms" as some writers have said, but at any rate King John fully adopted the happier name as Dias' return and ever since it has been known thus, or more simply as "the Cape," the best-known headland in the world.

Investment and Rising Prices

By Our City Editor

THE Treasury has succeeded in laying for the moment the spectre of dearer money, but no amount of official manœuvring can hide the rise in commodity prices which has been in steady progress for some months past. As compared with a year ago, wheat shows a rise of about 1s. 10d. or over 30 per cent., and maize is similarly higher. Cotton at 7.4d. per lb. is about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. up, and rubber is nearly 2d. per lb. dearer. Even sugar, in which over-production has been rife, has advanced in price on the year, and the only notable exception to the upward movement is tin, which is specially affected by the uncertainty with regard to the continuance of the restriction agreement.

The question arises as to how far it is desirable to endeavour artificially to offset this upward movement in commodities which is the natural outcome of the depreciation of currencies and expansion in industrial activity at home and abroad. If the normal price rise is not allowed to offset the effects of expanded credit, then someone must sit on the safety-valve with the usual consequences of such an operation. From the investment viewpoint, the position has been much complicated by the artificial monetary ease at present in force, for fixed interest securities—into which the investor might normally be expected to put his profits—are apparently grossly over-valued, having regard to the chances of higher income tax and the rising tendency of prices. Given a continued lull in international strife, it would appear that industrials must go to even higher levels, though the man who wishes to make any income from investment nowadays, is forced into speculation by the factor of taxation on the one hand and ridiculously low interest rates on the other.

Asbestos Cement Shares

Rather contrary to general expectations, there has been little if any slowing up of building activity, but in the future there is every probability of such activity being centred on the "public works" type of undertaking. Already cement shares have been a strong and active market on the strength of this expectation, and now the market is awaking to the realisation of the improved conditions ruling for asbestos cement and asbestos products generally. The shares of Turner and Newall have spurted up to nearly 90s., and even at

this price it is doubtful if they have reached their peak. The interim dividend was increased from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the company will have to pay a big final dividend to justify this price. Still, profits on some of the company's products are known to be more than double *per ton* those of a year ago, and sales are believed to be very much larger. The £1 stock units are popularly expected to go to £5.

Tunnel Cement 10s. shares stand at 52s., and have handsomely rewarded those who became interested in them when they were mentioned in these columns before the realisation of the building boom struck the investing public. Last year earnings amounted to over 40 per cent. and the company has recently taken over considerable asbestos interests and expanded asbestos cement manufacture. The shares offer scope for considerable capital appreciation, while giving a satisfactory return on the money. Last year's dividend was 20 per cent. with a 5 per cent. capital bonus.

A smaller share of an unobtrusive type is that of the Atlas Stone Company, which provides material for heavy building in particular and is also interested in asbestos cement products. The company is soundly managed and has an experienced board, although it is but modestly capitalised. The 5s. shares stand at 14s. 9d. and 10 per cent. was paid last year. The dividend for the current year is likely to be very substantially increased, and the shares offer attractions for those who are seeking a not too costly industrial investment.

A Gold-Mining "Straddle"

Fears as to the future of gold should be put at rest by the willingness shown by the Bank of England to acquire the metal, and there has, in fact, been considerable activity in gold-mining shares, but mostly in those of the purely speculative nature. For those who must obtain a fair income from their investments but who wish to "have a gamble" in one of the new Kaffirs, it is possible to comply with these conditions by a purchase of Martha Gold and of Spaarwater, equal amounts of money being placed in each. Spaarwater, of course, are a share of the future, and there is no limit to the level which such a share might reach, though, equally, the purely speculative nature of

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the share might result in a loss of capital. Martha Gold Mining, successor to the old Waihi, paid 30 per cent. tax-free last year, and at 15s. the 5s. shares yield 10 per cent. tax-free. The investor can thus divide his revenue and capital appreciation interests to get an income of 5 per cent. free of tax, the idea being that Spaarwater will be in production by the time that Martha is on the decline. Spaarwater shares are around 16s. 6d., and are in themselves as good a speculation as any others of the new Kaffir group.

These New Issues

Prospectuses for new issues of capital appear almost daily in the Press, but these have so far included only a few really important issues. The majority of companies now coming before the public are small industrial concerns in whichever market happens to be popular at the time, bricks, aircraft, iron and steel, or engineering. The investor can in most cases do better by waiting until the market in the shares commences, unless he is a professional "stag," and this profession has become overcrowded and unprofitable. The idea of escaping stamp duties and brokerage appeals to the public almost without fail, but if the new shares open at a discount this advantage is at once more than wiped out. Recently observant market men have found it better to look carefully at the new issues standing at a discount rather than rush in on every prospectus.

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.

Dividend Prospects

THE 45th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday at the registered office, Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said that he ventured to believe the balance-sheet was a sound document, unencumbered by any dead wood. The profit and loss account also gave cause for reasonable satisfaction, and although it was a matter of great regret to the directors that once again it was considered desirable to recommend a policy of prudence in preference to a dividend on the Ordinary share capital, if last year's profits were maintained and improved, as he hoped would be the case, that might be possible next year. The improvement in the net result of £415,310—an increase of about £20,000—would have been even more marked but for heavily increased costs due to labour conditions, wages and fuel oil.

Shipowning was surely the most diversified occupation in the world, and whilst it was a source of strength to the company that its interests were so widespread, it was equally true that their problems were multiplied for the same reason. The board had in the past endeavoured to secure a participation in such trade expansions as they considered most probable, as for example the acquisition of the Prince Line, which gave them a participation in several United States trades at a time when the overseas trade of the United States was rapidly developing. They had also acquired the balance of the share capital of Shaw Savill and Albion in order to secure a very definite participation in an Empire trade of the first importance—between the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. Their own New York-Bermuda service had shown considerable improvement, the number of passengers having exceeded those carried in previous seasons, but the effect of the competition of the proposed regular air service between Bermuda and New York would have to be watched.

The report and accounts were adopted.

THEATRE

On Understudies

IT has been my fortune this week to see an understudy give an astonishingly good performance. As I was not invited by the management but went under my own steam, as it were, I cannot divulge the name either of the theatre or the actress. I can only congratulate her without mentioning her name.

Her performance did, however, take me back a few score years to the days when I myself was an understudy and it reminded me of those far distant days when I imagined the whole world to lie before me, as indeed it did, but not in the sort of way I thought it did.

Let us consider the understudy for one moment. He or she is engaged at a microscopical salary to be prepared at any moment to hold the fort should his or her "principal" be indisposed or otherwise prevented from appearing. One attends all rehearsals sitting in the stalls—without, for once, having to pay for the privilege—and watches every gesture, every movement, every inflection of the actor who, one hopes, may some day break his neck.

One attends understudy rehearsals at which one is persuaded, cajoled or threatened by the stage-manager to give a photographic representation of the performance one has seen so many times during the early days of production.

Friends and Foes

As a fact, one rarely has the opportunity of showing how much better the part could be played, but on occasions it does become necessary to go through the unfamiliar routine of making-up and facing an audience. One's colleagues, who have been sustaining their various roles for two hundred odd performances, say to themselves either (a) there's an understudy on to-night, let's help him through, or (b) there's an understudy on to-night, let's give him hell. I have had experience of both these attitudes. I have even "gone on" for a gentleman at least a foot taller than myself and worn his trousers, which cut me cruelly under the arms. I received courtesy from some of my colleagues and the reverse from the others.

Having kept the play going for some four or five days during the unavoidable absence of the "principal," the understudy sinks back into the ordinary routine of arriving at the theatre—"Is Mr. X in yet?" "Yes, sir"—killing the time between 8.30 and 11.0 p.m., attending unnecessary rehearsals, and drawing his pittance. That is why I congratulate Miss Y on her excellent performance, against all the odds, at the Z Theatre last week.

C.S.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

CINEMA

The Walking Dead

BY MARK FORREST

IT has been Boris Karloff's lot in the world of the cinema to be cast for one horrific part after another and, although so far as I am concerned there is generally more cause for smiles than shivers, there is a large section of the public which manages to work itself up into a state of mind that borders between hysteria and complete unconsciousness. For them the new picture at the Dominion should have its attractions, and I've no doubt that a grand uncomfortable hour will be enjoyed by them.

The Walking Dead, with Boris Karloff stumbling about and showing the whites of his eyes in his most ghoulish manner, begins with the conviction of a gangster in spite of his gang's threats to the judge. Whereupon the judge is shown that honesty is not the best policy and Karloff is "framed" for his murder. He is duly electrocuted, but one minute after the shock is reprieved; at that point a Doctor Beaumont begins his attempt to bring him back to life.

Alchemist's Corner

Here we are once more in the familiar laboratory beloved of Hollywood, where test tubes, beakers, wheels, jets of steam and odd rays of light are commingled to produce the impression of scientific erudition. From this Karloff emerges slightly the worse for wear, for he can't remember anything, or so he says; but when he is confronted by the four villains there appears to be some rosemary strewn about somewhere and, fixing them with baleful eyes, he hastens each to his doom.

No picture of this kind is complete without a graveyard and no graveyard without a cascade from the heavens. Round the ruins the ragged rascals run and Karloff, like Rasputin, does not die until the revolvers are empty.

A short time ago the censor made it plain that horrific films are not to be encouraged and, needless to write, this one is for adults only. The eerie effects, however, which are intended to be conveyed by this production, are somewhat minimised by the lack of suspense and by the performance of Edmund Gwenn as the doctor. This actor is miscast and gave me the impression that he didn't believe in all the hocus-pocus any more than I did.

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BROADCASTING

Silly Season in Full Swing

BY ALAN HOWLAND

IT is a well-known fact that the "silly season" usually starts at about this time of year. People who are otherwise harmless start growing giant marrows, seeing the first lesser-feathered nut-hatch, finding nests of reticulated weasels in their letter-box, or doing the hundred and one things which would appear to occupy their minds once Parliament has risen.

The B.B.C. is not to be caught out in this way. It has its own "silly season," which begins as soon as the days start to lengthen and goes on until somebody writes in about it.

Already we have been deprived of our alternative programmes during the first half of the evening. According to our programme-builders—of whom we are so justly proud—as soon as the clock has been forward one hour, all little listening-birds in their nests agree . . . until eight p.m. At this mystic hour everything changes. National listeners loathe the sort of thing to which Regional listeners are tuning-in and Regional listeners consider their National counterparts to be the sort of idiot that they always imagined everyone but themselves to be.

This year the B.B.C. has thought of a way to improve its "silly season." Improve, I mean, in the sense of making it sillier than ever. I do not know whether the gentlemen who have been announcing during the last few weeks are regular members of the staff or whether they are belated cuckoos of the "is this a record" type dropping their bricks in my loud-speaker.

Hoots and Toots

All I know is that I have heard more mispronunciations, more hesitations and fluffings since the beginning of this month than I heard during the whole of last year.

I have heard an equerry given a thumping dig in the ribs, from which experience he has emerged with an enormous bump on his middle syllable, and I have heard that delectable spot "Tooting" referred to as "Totting." I must confess that the latter offence was committed after 11.30 p.m. and was probably a mark of respect to Mr. Hore-Belisha.

I have also heard some of the Test cricketers' names massacred in the most unfriendly way. After an intensive campaign by the B.B.C. announcers, the Maharaj Kumar stands before me with false quantities sticking out all over him and some of the less important members of the team have been verbally battered out of existence; but let that be.

I am in favour of the B.B.C. being light-hearted, but when it becomes light-headed I have no patience with it. Not that I ever had much.

Reprinted from the SATURDAY REVIEW of December 7th, 1935.

CHUCK IT!— MR. BALDWIN

BY LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

*You've come back dear Baldwin, a Die-hard, a Tory
You've come back again to the faith of thy birth.
To free us from Sanctions the League false and gory.
And those who love you—will shout in their mirth.*

MY dear Prime Minister.

I WROTE the above rhyme which now sounds a hollow mockery because I was so **sure** of you—so certain that with a Conservative majority—without any “National” encumbrances whatever to stand in your way—you would now be a real Conservative again—but alas, my dream soon became a nightmare.

FOR a majority vote in the last Election—did not give you the freehold title deeds of England and the British Empire as your own private property to be apportioned out or endangered at YOUR WILL—nor did a majority vote make the people of England—SLAVES to be driven like sheep to the slaughter and sacrificed at your bidding—*simply because you talked a lot of rot and called the League of Nations your “Sheet Anchor”!*

A FREE people are not to be bought and sold by politicians.

THE whole Country is bored to tears with the League of Nations and is infuriated with your Sanctions—which have turned our good friends in Italy into bitter enemies—and it is a scandal that you should have permitted Mussolini to be insulted because he is doing what England has done again and again in the past. You seem to imagine that you can affront Italy with impunity—but **can you?** What will you do if Mussolini GOADED BEYOND ENDURANCE—sends you an ultimatum and says—“Unless all this folly ceases—and you stop all sanctions—by twelve o'clock tomorrow—the English Fleet in the Mediterranean is at our mercy and will most certainly—be blown up?”

PPULL yourself together, Mr. Baldwin, and face this fact.

MUSSOLINI has every right to demand an apology from you for the insolent, caddish manner in which Anthony Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) has treated him and when I say—“Chuck it—Mr. Baldwin”—I am echoing what every sane and honest patriot in the Land is **thinking**.

The Conservative vote put you in power.

Be a Conservative and a gentleman.

**For all this is not statesmanship—it is
STARK, STARING MADNESS!**

LUCY HOUSTON, Patriot.

Reprinted from the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 7th, 1936.

Who is Mr. Anthony Eden ?

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

GOD'S Eternal Law is—That those who would hold what they have must be prepared to fight for it. To fight to defend your home—your honour—your dear ones—is the LAW OF NATURE.

THE birds of the air—the beasts of the field—the fish in the waters under the earth—and even the insect kingdom—know this Law and follow it. By conscription all the Nations of the earth recognise this Law—and Japan has shown us that to them their Country is dearer than life. None can alter this truth that Might is Right—and Victory is achieved only by the Strong. And every living creature upon the earth has to accept this Law.

BUT when I say every living creature—I must except a certain nancyfied nonentity named Anthony Eden. To Mr. Eden—love of Country—is anathema—and to patriots who would abide by this universal Law and fight for their Country—he says—

THE EDEN LAW

WHAT ARE THE LAWS OF GOD AND OF MAN TO ME ? I AM ANTHONY EDEN—MY WORD IS LAW AND I ORDER ALL BRITONS TO FOLLOW THE EDEN LAW, WHICH IS TO FIGHT ONLY FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. THIS DOCTRINE MAY BE DESCRIBED AS EVIL—UNNATURAL—UNPATRIOTIC AND AGAINST EVERY LAW OF GOD AND OF MAN—BUT WHAT DO I CARE ?—IT IS THE LAW OF ANTHONY EDEN.

THIS sinister self-worshipping simpleton who—by getting round a silly old man—has wangled himself into a position for which he is totally unfitted—imagines himself a saviour and redeemer—BUT IN ATTEMPTING TO ROAR LIKE A LION—HE HAS ONLY SUCCEEDED IN BRAYING LIKE AN ASS.

AND cowardly Conservatives are bowing down before this Brazen image of Brass—they are no doubt capable of kow-towing even touching the ground nine times with their foreheads in homage before this Prince of Ineffectuals.

THE CURSE OF THE GODS.

BUT are we not told that those whom the gods would destroy—they first turn mad.

ANTHONY EDEN has destroyed England's every friend by using any dirty weapon he can lay hands on to fight for the slave-driving Abyssinians. And by prating of Peace—and doing everything to force War upon us—he has earned for England the contempt and hatred of every self-respecting Nation.

WAR always has been—War always will be—War always must be—until the lamb lies down with the lion—but the lamb's name is not ANTHONY EDEN.